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SIEGFRIED AND THE DRAGON

Themes of the Operas by Andre

THE hero Siegfried was left by his mother Sieglinde with the dwarf Mime, when she died a fugitive in the forest. His father's magic sword Nothung had been shattered by Wotan's command for rebellion, but the youth learns that if it can be repaired he could wield it because he knows no fear. Haughtily he commands Mime, magician and blacksmith, to reforge the sword, and thus armed set forth to slay the dragon Fafner who guarded the omnipotent Ring made from the Rhinegold. The hero skillfully avoids the terrible lashings of Fafner's tail, and plunges his resistless sword into the monster's heart. Then Siegfried kills the malignant Mime and, inspired by the Ring, goes to find the lovely Brunnhilde, condemned to sleep by Wotan for disrespect to the gods, until a fearless youth should awaken her.

Puzzle Letters That Made Every Mailman A Sleuth

THE dime-letter craze seemed to be the last word in the ridiculous things people could do with the mails—but now it has been outmoded by the craziest fad of all.

Hungary's general post-office has long been famous for its staff of special workers. Their efforts make delivery of letters possible even when this is hampered by the most absurd and incomplete addresses. It's said that the department welcomes even detectives to its payroll because of the skill and ingenuity often needed to work out what the writer might have meant when he or she addressed a card or letter.

But this very skill at decoding addresses has given the department a reputation which proved its undoing. Officials have been forced to admit their inability to cope with a new craze that rapidly spread through Hungary and that had its beginning in the clever deliveries of mail.

It began some months ago, when Karoly Mihalyi, a lawyer in the Hungarian town of Nagykoros, made a bet in a moment of vanity. He liked to boast that everybody in town knew him. To prove it on this occasion, he wagered that letters would safely reach him even if the envelope had not a word of writing on it. With two friends to witness it he went to Budapest and there had an artist do a caricature of him on an envelope. Below this face, which served as a "name," he asked the artist to draw a cucumber. Then he mailed the letter, with not another mark on it, but with the 20 filler of stamps necessary for postage.

The alert post-office clerks of Budapest did a good and quick job on this strange letter. A cucumber on the envelope, they decided, could refer only to the famous cucumber-growing district of Hungary. The town most famous for its cucumber is Nagykoros, in the centre of the district, and so the letter was forwarded. The post-office people there took one look at the letter and knew for whom it was meant—that old braggart, Mihalyi. It was he, all right, to the last curl of his mustache. So the post-office delivered the letter, and by its pains won Mihalyi his bet.

The department was to regret its zeal, however, for the

At Last the Postmaster-General Issued an Order That the Country's Postmen and the Department's Clerks Could Spend No More Time Trying to Puzzle Out the Tricky Addresses.

news of the funny letter went the rounds quickly and people laughed about it at the coffee houses. Soon others were trying the stunt, first only a few dozen, then by the hundreds. If one letter out of a thousand was delivered, it in turn was so marveled at that a thousand persons more were spurred to send "picture letters" to their friends.

The practical joke was described in the newspapers, and then it was "in"; the vogue, once started, seemed to have no end. Some persons put a stamp on a photograph and sent it through the mails, with the town-name pictured or sketched on the back.

Clerks had to guess that an apricot stood for Kecskemet, the great apricot growing centre, that a bottle of wine stood for Tokaj, and that an onion could only represent Mako. A paprika was Szeged. But these were comparatively simple to puzzle out, for the drawings automatically conjured up the names of the places intended. It was more difficult when the "wits" began to vary the idea by sending, for instance, a photograph taken in childhood but intended for the man its subject has grown up to be.

But patiently and resourcefully, the post-office delivered as many of these letters as it was able to. The department felt, indeed, a certain pride in being able to work out the clues.

Then came new obstacles to mail delivery. For instance, the picture of a house would be substituted for its street and number. Of course such a letter could be delivered only if the building had some unusual feature by which it might be recognized. One practical joker fashioned a crossword puzzle, complete with clues, which he put on the envelope instead of the address. When the mailmen were able to fill in the squares with the right words, which they did with the help of a dictionary and an atlas, the letter was ready to be delivered. To be sure, the recipient of this unusual mail was delighted to receive it. Many persons have built up collections of these odd letters and cards. It is said that they are even acquiring a value among stamp collectors.

But at last the post-office had to throw up the sponge and admit defeat. The Postmaster General, tiring of this abuse of his post-office's time and patience, sent out an appeal. The clerks could not be expected to spend hours puzzling out addresses, he said, it was slowing down the efficiency of the organization and delaying much of the normal mail. The practical jokers, he suggested, had better send their puzzles to the newspapers to be published for the benefit of the reading public. But they should not pester the post-offices with their playfulness. The foolish fad was seriously slowing up the delivery of important business and social correspondence.

To put teeth into his appeal, the Postmaster General announced that the post-office would no longer forward letters addressed in the novel fashion. Letters not conventionally addressed were to be burned together with their contents. So the amusing game started by the "cucumber letter" is over, and it is believed that more than one mailman is sorry to lose this form of diversion that made his monotonous job more exciting for a time.

The picture letter fad isn't entirely over. Some citizens still disregard the department's instructions and spend their stamps to send out cards whose pictures depict the destination instead of the source, as is customarily the case. If this were generally practised, a postcard showing the Grand Canyon would be forwarded to the Grand Canyon no matter where mailed.

Kisses May Be Only Cure For India's Baffling Disease

"KISS the place and make it well," wrote Ann Taylor, a children's writer of the 18th Century. The popular use of this childhood plea suggests still that a kiss can heal a small hurt.

But now there has appeared a fantastic variation of this belief in the form of a ravaging disease said to be sweeping remote parts of India and curable only by kissing and hugging. The violent fever, known as Daha-jwara to native medicine men, baffles Western doctors; yet the malady was apparently known to the ancient ayurvedic physicians.

Several months ago, villagers came to an old hermit to help them cope with a strange new disease that was killing them off. Steeped in the lore of Indian medicine, he recognized an ancestral malady in the symptoms of the new ailment. Knowing his classics, he prescribed a kiss, and after the general astonishment was replaced by experiment, his advice was found to be good.

Thus, in seizing upon the "kissing cure," the primitive doctors of India are not being experimental. They are prescribing formulas that have the blessings of tradition. And apparently the cures work as well now as they did in centuries gone by. In ancient time, the fever was also cured by herbs and various forms of yogi-ism. But for reasons of their own, the medicine men have decided to concentrate on the kiss cure.

They declare that if the ailment is diagnosed in its early stages, it can be halted by kisses from a stranger. Kisses from a member of the family are not as effective, although they will do in a pinch. But in the more advanced stages of the disease, kissing is not enough. Then the only remedy lies in hugging, as explained in the following prescription by a popular Indian doctor:

In Advanced Cases of the Strange Disease Only an Ardent Kiss and Warm Embrace by a Young and Beautiful Girl Seem to Have Any Effect on the Condition of the Prostrate Patient.

"In advanced cases," according to him, "the cure is not ordinary osculation or kissing but the clasping or deep embrace by a girl of prepossessing beauty and of full bloom of youth. The girl must come to the patient with fascinating ornaments and scents that can enthrall the mind. Without hesitation she should closely embrace the patient, although as soon as any passion is aroused in the mind of the sufferer, she should leave him at once and depart from his sight. This treatment is almost certain to arouse in the patient's mind a new desire to live with the result that he at once turns to the path of recovery."

The peculiar thing about this disease, from all reports, is that it seems confined to men. So quickly does it spread, however, that it can reach the proportions of an epidemic within 24 hours. This has created an unprecedented demand for girls, who must be strangers to be effective, as has been shown.

Another reason why there is a shortage of girls in dealing with the Daha-jwara fever is that one girl can apparently provide only one cure. At first it was supposed that each could perform several cures a day, but practise has shown that this is not possible. The power of healing seems to go out of a girl after she has embraced a patient. That can be expected since it is stated that a really severe case takes several hours of hugging to cure.

Of course, the prettier a girl is, the more effective her kisses, presumably because the passion to live can more readily be aroused by one who is physically attractive.

But the Daha-jwara epidemic has proven to be a blessing for the medicine men. Not only have these local physicians taken the credit for the cure, but they have taken charge of the distribution of the remedy. That is, no girl can assuage the fever of any man without the permission of the village medicine man, who must first collect his fee from the patient. Naturally, the tax varies according to the beauty of the girl provided for the cure.

The "healers" are not the only ones to profit, however. Kidnaping is a popular and lucrative crime in parts of India. The men who follow this racket are always on the lookout for new "markets" for their peculiar skill. The spread of the strange disease has been a piece of luck for them, and they are doing a rushing business.

Normally a kidnapped girl would be worth a small sum if sold to a man too old to win a mate any other way than by purchase. Now, with the fever, the girls have become literally a matter of life and death, and so the premium on kidnapped women has soared. They are taken from village to village, and kept hidden under the usual Muslim burka or hooded dress. They show, either through fear or fatalism, an absolute obedience to their captors.

In the towns, with more or less secrecy, the stolen girls are offered to the highest bidder as a cure for the Daha-jwara fever. They are only rentals, and in no sense permanent. In the end, provided the epidemic subsides again, the girls will be sold as brides.

Wearing gay clothes and ornaments, they fetch anywhere up to $100 for an hour's hugging cure; if it takes longer than that, the charge is half of that for each hour. In some cases, to help almost hopeless patients, exotic perfumes, at an extra charge, are provided. These scents are said to provoke life to remain if anything can.

In other regions, kidnaped girls are not available. Then the local bodies are pirated into service by the doctors on a commercial scale. The parents, guardians, or husbands of the girls get a "cut" in the proceeds and appear ready to help their suffering fellows in this manner.

Of course, the romantic affairs of young lovers, who are jealous even of a kiss, have been most disturbed by the malady. Girls in love with young men of their choice are torn away from them and forced to "treat" the fever-victims with their embraces. All that the jealous youths can do is helplessly bewail their fate and curse the disease that causes misery even to those who do not suffer from it. There have been more forceful objections, however.

One young man in a village near Sadiya, not far from the border of Tibet, is said to have avenged the "syndication" of his girl as a Daha-jwara nurse by stabbing to death all who recovered because of her kisses. Then he killed himself as well.

But for the most part, the forced loans of their sweethearts have been permitted by the native youths with the typical fatalism of the East. In fact, the situations created by the fever strike them more often as amusing. For example, a curious situation arises when a man is ill but has a jealous wife. To be sure, she wants him cured, but usually she will see to it that the kissing and embracing are done in her presence. In that way she can make sure that her husband is not revived too much.

What is perhaps most astonishing about the cure is that the natives are satisfied with it and believe that it works. To date, neither the origin nor the extent of the bizarre malady have been ascertained. But the government is doing its best to see that the cure is not misused by those who have nothing the matter with them, but who are glad for the chance to indulge themselves.

Beware Of Fake Eye Doctors, Says Uncle Sam

ONE of the greatest dreads of growing old is the fear of going blind. On this fear preys the world's "most inhumane racket," details of which have now been announced by the post-office department of the Federal Government. For 20 years, it now appears, fake specialists have been enriching themselves by taking the last pennies of aged farm people whose eyesight is failing.

Many arrests have been made in recent years in a renewed effort to stamp out these monstrous swindlers, but new victims keep turning up. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," goes the saying, and so the government has now decided to fight the swindlers by broadcasting their technique so that people will not be tricked.

The "specialists" practise a variation of the old "confidence game," so called because the victim first has to have his or her suspicions lulled. This is generally done by flattery and an appearance of kindly interest on the part of the racketeer, who hides his intentions behind disarming words.

The "specialists" favor isolated farm houses, and they do so for a number of reasons. It is easier to get away if there is any trouble. Then, too, the people are less apt to have seen a licensed optometrist lately. In addition, the aged people in those out-of-the-way places are often glad for somebody to talk to. As a result, they walk into the trap with open eyes, albeit with weak eyesight, and less foresight.

The first swindler to visit one of these remote places is the "scout," who poses as an optometrist, usually a man with a hearty open manner and a persuasive tongue. He says he examines eyes free of charge and adds that his examination does not make any purchase necessary. It seems like a good chance to get "something for nothing," and so the victim finally assents. He or she has no doubt been worrying of late about headaches or "spots" in front of the eyes; the "specs" may be less effective than they used to, or the world may look less bright and too fuzzy. In short, here seems a good chance to get a once-over from a man who seems to know his business, and who looks like

The Fake Doctor, With a Hearty, Sympathetic Manner and a Glib Tongue, Hoodwinks the Old and the Poor. The Glasses He Provides Are Cheap and, Usually, Worthless.

a "nice feller," too. They are relieved to learn that a pair of glasses, very cheap, will do the trick and that he came just in time, another month and it might have been too late.

The glasses are needless to say of a cheap type, and often of no benefit to the purchaser. Even when they seem to be helping things, they are probably doing more harm than good. As for the "nice man," he is usually without a license to operate, and is not competent to examine the eyes or to fit glasses. Of course, he sometimes carries forged or clipping mill" testimonials.

The big profit of this "scout" comes not from selling the spectacles, as one might suppose, but from furnishing the names and addresses of his victims to those more advanced in his racket. he is paid one-fourth of whatever they manage to mulct out of the victim he has thus provided.

In due course, another car drives up in front of the "marked" victim's farmhouse. two men are in it, and one of them gets out and says he comes from the optical firm that manufactured the glasses which the aged man or woman bought some time ago. The glasses were guaranteed, he says blandly, and he has come to check on them without charge. He examines the glasses and the eyes, using impressive little flashlights and paraphernalia for the purpose. Then he takes on a worried look. He says there is a condition in the patient's eyes that he does not understand.

But, fortunately, he tells the frightened patient, there happens to be, by merest chance, a great doctor from a renowned institution sitting in his car—being given a lift to some nearby town or city. He is sure this great doctor will be glad to make an examination free of charge. Well, the victim may demur at first, but since it's free usually consents in the end. The man who is called in from the car looks the part. he often wears an impressive beard cut in Viennese style, in any case he has a weighty look. This man pretends to examine the eyes and it is bad news he gives out at last. He says it reluctantly, but feels the victim ought to know. There is a cancerous growth on the eyes, he may say, or a cataract. The victim is finally persuaded to submit to an "operation." This operation, is the reassurance, is absolutely painless, being done with radium.

The only catch is that the "radium" necessary for the work is expensive. All the patient has to pay is the cost of the radium itself, and he or she is usually induced to do this without much trouble once the tricksters have proceeded this far. A few drops from a small vial are placed in the patient's eye, and the price is announced. If the victim does not protest too much, he or she can usually be sold another few drops "to make sure" that the cure is complete. What the vial actually contains, and what is put into the eyes, is ordinary eyewash.

There seems to be no limit to how far the heartless swindlers will go. They are said to have cost the public millions of dollars, yet they never seem to be satisfied. One father in Massachusetts was made to believe that his invalid daughter, a living skeleton who had been born blind, could be cured by "radium drops." The fakers demanded $2,500 for the pretended operation, but all the father could give them was $500. The swindlers in this case, arrested on State and Federal charges, are only two of many who have already been trapped, and it is hoped that the entire miserable racket will soon be wiped out.

Where Lightning Struck Twice—Two Thousand Times

"LIGHTNING never strikes twice in the same place," runs the proverb. But science has long ago found this to be a fallacy. It has often shown that lightning does exactly this. It has even been known to make three hits in the same spot.

But now science has come upon a marvel in the deserts of South Africa, where all the indications seem to point to some ancient time when lightning struck 2,000 times in the same locality. Apparently, by some freak of nature, all of the bolts were let loose at the same time instead of being spread over the years; so that, in spite of the evidence of such a "super-storm" of the past, there are no thunder storms in this region now. The natives of the Kalahari desert do not remember electric storms, and indeed they would need a different kind of climate altogether to make possible such a storm as this one seems to have been.

Of course, lightning storms vary greatly among themselves, some being far more furious than others. But no single storm of such violence is known to have taken place since history began. The mysterious circumstances of the tempest are lost in the sands of time, but not so its record.

As if aware that the winds blow away superficial records of events, the storm left its mark deep in the sands. Just as many a raindrop left a "track" in sand that turned to rock ages ago, so in this instance the bolts of lightning penetrated the sand to great depths, leaving fulgurites or "lightning tubes" like deep roots.

The discoverer of these glassy tubings that honeycomb the sand is A. D. Lewis, who recently reported his fantastic discovery. Never have such closely clustered tubes been found in such number before as they have in this southeast section of Kalahari desert. It was a storm on a stupendous scale, for the bolts appear to have travelled, from its extreme limits, a distance of eight miles.

Most of the tubes are much less than an inch wide across the mouth, yet they seem to be fathomless in depth. Most of them were found as broken fragments in the hollows between the dunes. But five of them in fine condition were excavated to the depth of eight feet, without reaching the lower end.

A few of the tubes were two inches wide at the mouth, and many seem to have developed "ribs" going out on each side at right angles from the main stem. These "glass roots" also sometimes branched off and varied in thickness along their length.

Sand surrounding some of the curious rods seemed to be "darkened as if burnt," so as to suggest lightning heat. Also loose sand is iron-stained in some proximities, suggesting that iron was vaporized from the fused silica.

The delicate and fragile tubes themselves last for many years if undisturbed. Thus they remain, like footprints of the sky's ancient storm that must have shattered the desert with repeated crashes such as could never take place now, what with the dry air discouraging rain.

The tubes were formed by the striking of lightning upon dry sand, causing the lines of the electricity to become "permanent" in the form of melted sand. The glassy piping is, in short, the "clothing" of the lightning and created by its passage. It remains, like shells, to testify to earth's prehistoric and mysterious bombardment.

To the creatures that beheld this super-storm it must have seemed the end of the world. The fact that it took place on what is now the Kalahari desert seems to indicate that weather is uncertain in more than the daily sense. That is, not merely may it not rain tomorrow. It may never rain again. But so abruptly does the desert seem to have lost its moist climate. Perhaps some day, as abruptly, will the rains be restored.

Like most of the features of storms, these ancient rods that the lightning itself provided are not easy to explain. But then, science is not even positive today about just what happens during an electrical storm.

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No Wonder Grandma Needed a Limerick to Cheer Her Up

Even If Some Were a Bit Off-Color, Poor Old Rich Madame Da Gama Was Entitled to a Few Laughs After Her Two Sons Had Made Life a Nightmare, Including Eight Wives and Three Suicides

But Morris, Sr., Had a Strange Sense of Humor, Too—Quite as Strange as His Son's Writing Off-Color Limericks to Grandma or Cheering Her Up With Equally Risque Stories. Finding His Apartment Besieged by an Army of Bill Collectors, He Had an Ambulance Call and Take Him to a Hospital as a "Critical Case." Groaning on a Stretcher, He Was Carried Through the Besiegers. It Was the Only Way He Could Have Gotten Away.

Flo Lane, the Ziegfeld Follies Girl Whom Morris, Senior, Married in 1926, and Who Leaped to Death from Her Apartment Window a Few Months After Her Divorce in 1929.

Madame Domicio Da Gama, Who, Her Son Claims, Couldn't Have Made a Perfectly Good Will Because Her Grandson Swapped Off-Colored Stories With Her and Sent Her Naughty Limericks.

The Fifth Wife of the Elder Morris, Lyle Van Auken Volck, Who Killed Herself When She Was Only 22 Years Old.

Elizabeth Bates Volck, Adelbert's Daughter, Who Ended Her Life After Her Self-Announced, But Mythical Engagement to Prince Johannes of Lichtenstein.

Old young Morris Roderick Volck, Jr., whisper naughty limericks into the aged ear of his wealthy grandma, Madame Domicio Da Gama, widow of the former Brazilian Ambassador? If so, is that why she has just left the "naughty boy" $1,000,000, at the same time disinheriting her son Adelbert Volck?

Adelbert thinks so and wants the will set aside on the grounds that Morris thereby used undue influence and that a nice, old grandmother must have been of unsound mind to have listened instead of slapping such an impudent person.

"We swapped some," admits Morris, who is now 27 years old, "but wasn't she entitled to a few laughs after all the sorrows that were tossed her?"

If each heartache and headache justifies an old lady in hearing one "smoky" limerick, young Morris could easily prove that this grandmother was entitled to a whole bookful, though most of the worst nightmares were inflicted on her by Morris' own father who was going to lead his sixth bride to the altar but got into the morgue instead.

Madame Da Gama's life would have been remarkable enough without the two "blessed events" which brought anything but blessings in their train. Born in Texas, Elizabeth Belle Bates moved to New York 50 years ago and got a job in a department store's bargain basement. Marriage to Albert Volck lifted her out of the cellar and into society for which she rewarded him by the presentation of two sons, the disinherited Adelbert George Volck and his younger brother, father of the alleged limerick troubadour.

Before either boy was of age she divorced Volck and returned to department store activities, not in the bargain basement this time but in the upper realms as wife of Arthur A. Hearn, high department store executive. In 1924, Mr. Hearn had died to be replaced by Domicio Da Gama, former Brazilian Ambassador to the United States and like Mr. Hearn, a very rich man. Hardly more than a year later she was a widow again, remaining that way until her death last Spring, with plenty of excitement provided by her offspring.

While still a very young man, Adelbert, the older brother, made a serious financial mistake in guessing that his mother was only bluffing when she threatened to disinherit him if he married May Ellen, a perfectly good chorus girl. His allowance was stopped but he is sure he would have come in for a nice slice in that last will, made in 1934, if Morris, Jr., hadn't crooned those reprehensible jingles in Madame Grandma's ear. Adelbert has had to earn his bread ever since outliving his younger brother whose bread, also caviar and champagne had always been supplied by his fond mother.

Adelbert soon agreed that Mother was right about May Ellen, and divorced her. Since that did not get him back on the Da Gama relief role, he married Lillian Baverstock without even trying to get the maternal consent. Lillian evened up the sex average in the family by presenting him with two daughters, Dorothy and Elizabeth Bates Volck and a divorce. In 1921 this Mr. Volck made one more try, marrying a 16-year-old girl, Edna Alexander, at Kingston, Jamaica.

Edna and Adelbert stuck it out until 1929 when she divorced him in favor of Mario Cassasaus, son of the Mexican Ambassador at Washington, while Lillian had become Mrs. Guy Milhause. At this point Adelbert seems to have become discouraged with matrimony and been content to watch his younger brother outperform him in that line.

Considering this comparatively mild record of only three wives supported by himself, he sees no justice in all the Da Gama gold going down the other side of the family just because he wasn't a limerick crooner.

True his daughter Elizabeth, named hopefully after her wealthy grandma, removed herself from the line of inheritance by suicide, in 1931, but it wasn't his fault. Elizabeth announced her engagement to marry Prince Johannes of Lichtenstein. But the Prince had other ideas and said the idea must have been due to his bad English or her bad German and did not come up to see her any more. Elizabeth was so humiliated that she successfully turned on the gas in her Sutton Place apartment.

But look what brother Morris Sr had accomplished though starting later and ending earlier.

His first wife was Elise Mallory Holmes and their marriage lasted seven years. Following the family tradition she presented her husband with two children and a divorce. The first was Morris, Jr., Grandma's little jingle collector, now 27 and his sister Elise, now 25 who also collects handsomely in the will though not accused of helping her brother collect jingles.

Soon after the divorce she married Edwin Paul Wagner and in 1918, Morris married Mildred Louise Withstandley, of Brooklyn, divorced wife of Kenneth Everett. In 1934 the score stood no children, many hits and errors and one run to Paris by Morris where he did the divorcing. The second Mrs. Morris Volck then did pretty well for herself by marrying in 1932, the second son of Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador to England at the outbreak of the World War, an important title in a wealthy family.

For variety, Morris went down to his mother's native state of Texas to pick as his third bride, Margaret Cocoanut Ogden, daughter of a wealthy rancher. She died soon after their honeymoon. So far, perhaps remembering his brother's mistake, Morris had always managed to obtain his mother's blessing and approval for all wives in advance, but there was trouble on the next.

For a fourth wife he nominated Florida La Lanne, daughter of Charles La Lanne, New York corporation lawyer. Politicians hold up sanctimonious hands of horror at corporation lawyers but not Madame Da Gama. What she didn't like was the same defect she had seen in Adelbert's first wife, the theatrical element. The girl was also known as Flo Lane of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Just for that Madame Da Gama forbade the banns and rushed her son off to England to have him introduced at the Court of St. James. Next to a movie job in Hollywood, this is life's greatest thrill for a girl but for Morris it was only a pain in the neck and the ungrateful young man absconded, returning on the very next steamer. His Florida was waiting on the pier for him with the result that they were married a few hours later and somehow they managed to wangle a blessing from the mother.

"Now was that fair," Adelbert asks, "when I was cut off for marrying an actress, and she was my very first wife instead of a fourth, like this one?"

Florida proceeded to bear him one child, Flo Volck, now ten years old, and Florida presumably would have donated the customary second one before the divorce but Morris broke up the continuity by rushing to Reno himself.

There, in 1929, just twenty minutes after this divorce, he married seventeen-year-old Lyle Van Auken, a beautiful girl who gave up what looked like a brilliant screen career to be the fifth and last Mrs. Morris Volck. This chapter of his life had a surprise ending worthy of O. Henry at his best. Up to the last minute he had been paying court to Lyle's mother, who was his own age. This sudden switch was a mean trick on her trusting Mama, but a worse one on herself.

A few months later she read the disconcerting news that Florida, the fourth wife, had committed suicide by jumping from the window of her apartment in New York City.

Poor little Lyle was already repenting at leisure nor, under the circumstances could she very gracefully run home to mother. Her separation complaint is a pathetic story of sickness, operation and rough treatment from a husband who constantly overindulged in alcohol and brought strange women home to share their bed and board.

In her desperation the girl wife had what she thought was a bright idea. The only person her husband ever worried about was his mother, who kept him well supplied with funds. This, therefore, must be the one person in the world who could make him behave if she knew and Lyle took care of money quick to marry a sixth wife. The old lady was against any more wives no matter who they might be, and again postponed the check writing.

But Morris Sr. had a strange sense of humor too—quite as strange as his son's writing off-colored limericks to a grandma, or cheering her up with equally risque stories. On one occasion in 1934 he found his apartment besieged by a small army of bill collectors and process servers who prevented him from getting out and running up more bills.

In this emergency he called up a private ambulance company and in a hysterical voice begged them to rush over and take his friend Morris Volck to the Polyclinic Hospital before it was too late. Then, dropping the receiver to prevent embarrassing questions, he jumped into bed. The ambulance came and found Morris groaning and apparently in very bad shape. On a stretcher they carried him right through the ranks of the enemy and drove away with shrieking siren.

But in the park, Morris had a miraculous recovery, explained the situation, and had them drive to his mother's apartment instead. There was nothing for that lady to do but pay the ambulance, return with her son and place a fat check in the hand of each besieger. While she was doing this the landlord held out his hand for a couple of months' rent. But it was the last of these "jokes" Morris ever played on Madame Da Gama, because she immediately fled to Europe and was still there when he died.

Morris, Jr., who with his sister, had been brought up by their grandmother ever since their mother's divorce, thought it would be a nice idea to run out to Hollywood and meet his new papa, a number five, but promptly ran into trouble. Young Morris, his father and Lyle drove to the Beach Club at Santa Monica but the first time he danced with the new stepmother, papa vanished. They finally found him at home full of jealousy and prohibition liquor that by cabling and writing daily blow-by-blow descriptions of their married life to the old lady.

Madame Da Gama's response to her daughter-in-law's complaint was simple and crushing. She shut off the flow of gold. Morris could not go to work because he had always been a playboy, and only a few years of such life makes most any man unemployable forever, but he had the playboy knack of borrowing and running up debts.

However, he had no money to spare for the young woman who had brought down this financial calamity on him and since one cannot get blood from a stone, she realized that her separation suit would get her nothing to live on. So one night she took an overdose of sleeping tablets and left this note:

"I have nobody to blame but myself."

This was generally considered true. Anyone who jumps her own mother's claim to a husband, especially a playboy, to become his fifth wife, ought to expect just about what she got.

Madame Da Gama by this time had weakened and wrote to ask if he had turned over a new leaf, but what was her dismay to hear that he wanted

The elder Volck started to chastise his wife with a monkey wrench but the younger Volck told him that a gentleman should never raise a wrench to a lady.

At this Volck, Sr. turned on Volck, Jr., who regretfully found it necessary to sock his father a few. When Madame Da Gama heard this she rebuked her grandson, but he replied by asking what else he could have done to keep from having his skull cracked. The old lady evidently liked riddles as well as limericks because this one got him back in her good graces again.

Morris Sr. became really hard up, drifting down to a Bowery "flop house" and was finally picked up in the gutter unconscious. At Bellevue Hospital he died of pneumonia and was not identified until he reached the morgue. His death and Lyle's both occurred in 1934.

Morris Volck, Jr. married Miss Peggy Schwartz, of New York, debutante daughter of Dr. H. J. Schwartz, in 1931, and though she is said to be seeking her freedom, he has reached the comparatively advanced age of twenty-seven, with only one wife, which makes him a veritable Bourbon for conservatism in that family.

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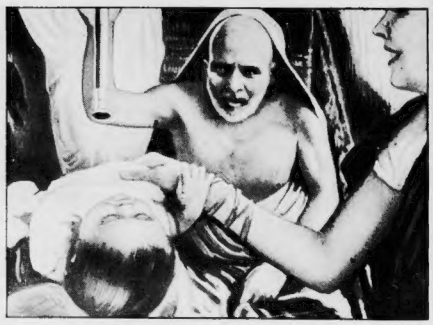
Branding Both The Bride and Her Baby



A Six-Months-Old Hindu Child About to Be Branded by the Guru, or Madhva Priest, Who Holds a Burning-Hot Silver Seal in His Hand. The Symbol Is Supposed to Protect the Youngster from Evil.

Another Close-Up of the Strange Branding Ceremony, This Time on a Six-Year-Old Relative of the Baby in the Other Picture. The Child, Supported by the Kindly Hands of Her Parents, Submits to the Torture With Stoic Calm, and Will Be Branded Again When She Grows Up and Becomes a Bride. Then Additional Symbols Will Be Seared Into Her Flesh to Promote Marital Happiness and Financial Success.

IN this country christening is not much of an ordeal for youngsters—just a few words by the minister, a sprinkle of water on the head, and the job is done. In India a christening ceremony is something else again, as the pictures on this page show. Among the Madhvas, members of an "elegant" sect that is practically tops in India's caste system, christening is as painful as a splinter in the finger or having a tooth pulled.

It's an old Madhva custom to baptise the babies by branding them with burning-hot silver symbols, five to a victim, and there is no anesthetic used to allay the suffering. The hot metal is brought down firmly onto the flesh of the child. The mother was "burned" when she was a baby, and had to go through it all again when she became a bride.

In the big picture above and at the right the burning ceremony is being performed on a six-year-old child who is taking the sharp discomfort of the branding with remarkable stoicism. She is a relation of the six-months-old infant shown in the smaller picture.

The helpless child, as might be expected, exhibited no such fortitude, but put up a lusty howl, while the Guru, as the priest who inflicts the torture is called, wisely stayed out of baby's reach. Baby's objections were in vain, however; the searing and permanent "seals" were put to the skin, one after another, by means of long metal rods.

The pious operation is done in a conventional manner, and according to precepts handed down by the founder, named Madhva, who started the sect in the Kanarese country in Western India about 600 years ago. In spite of its cruelty to children, the sect is supposed to owe its life to a wise and philosophical thinker. Perhaps he believed that the best way to avoid "turncoats" in his sect was to identify them with it so they could never hide their faith. The discomforting absolution has to have so many separate brandings because each one, in a different shape, signifies preservation from a different kind of sin. The most important one is the preserver from impiety, and this one makes the infant convert eternally a member of the Madhvas.

Their literally burning zeal usually is expressed at the house of the Guru. But sometimes he will come to the house of the devotee for the branding, and this is a special concession. The coming of the Guru with his "hot rods" is a time for rejoicing in the household so favored. The mother enthusiastically tells the little one that a great event is in store for it.

A big parade brings the priest to the place. Even the house, as well as all who live in it, is rendered holy by his visit. His feet are there washed in hot water, and the "foot-wash" is then sprinkled like holy water over all who are present. He who washes the Guru's feet has to pay a whole month's upkeep of the Guru's residence for the honor. The "best people" of India belong to the Madhvas now, and to bear its brands is a sign of importance.

So This Is Freedom!

IN this troubled day and age when millions of people are wondering what freedom is and whether they ever will enjoy that boon to the body and the spirit, it is interesting to see anyone's version of that happy condition. The photograph below shows one phase of a dance which the lithe young disciple of Terpsichore calls "Freedom," and she certainly doesn't seem to be hampered, not even by the immutable laws of gravity. The open-air stage for her dance is the beach at Ramsgate, England, where many professional dancers spend their vacations perfecting their art.

The young woman with the tambourines was shy about giving her name, but she admitted that the inspiration to her dance was a physical culture society anxious to enroll new members.

"Freedom" Is the Name of This Interpretative Dance, Which Amused Visitors at Pegwell Bay, Ramsgate, England, When an Anonymous Artist Was Sent There. The Freedom She Depicts Consists of Her Leaping Away From the Earth. That's How She Explained It, and the Stunt Was Merely a Bit of Press Agentry for a Physical Culture Society.

Bird of a Cucumber

OLD MOTHER NATURE plays some queer pranks in the garden and the forest, but she outdid herself when she waxed whimsical on the cucumber shown in the photograph below. This remarkable freak grew on a vine in the backyard garden of Frank J. Bond, of Bellaire, New York, and it was the only "cuke" in the lot that was not of normal shape.

More often than not such abnormalities are just bulbous and lumpy monstrosities, but this one looks enough like a pigeon to be the work of a talented sculptor. The warty green hide of the vegetable grew just about the size of a pigeon and the same general shape. The head was about right, too, and boasted a sharp beak and, most remarkable of all, the suggestion of an eye.

Needless to say, this extraordinary cucumber was not peeled, sliced and served on the Bond table. It was carefully saved, for it is one of the most "sculptural" freaks of nature that ever came out of a garden.

A Cucumber and Not a Bird Is This Object. It Was Grown in the Backyard of Frank J. Bond, of Bellaire, New York. It Probably Will Be Placed in a Museum.

The Pup and the Parrot Who Stole the Show Recently at London Zoo. Crowds Had Gone There to See the Caged Animals, but When the Polly and the Dog Began Making Friends and Cavorting About, the Strange Palship Diverted Even the Inevitable Photographers Who Go to the Zoo Weekly for Their Grist.

Much Abused Starling of Some Good Use at Last

THE Starling, in spite of its pleasing name and its beautiful coloring, has been regarded in this country, during the past several years, as an undesirable alien. Since the species, common in Europe and Asia, was introduced into this country 45 years ago, it has increased mightily in numbers and acquired the reputation of a pest, chiefly because of its habit of befouling buildings. Hundreds of thousands of the birds have been killed during the past few years.

But the scientists of Uncle Sam's Biological Survey, while not giving the starling a clean bill of health, have discovered that the bird has much to recommend it because it likes to eat the pestiferous Japanese Beetle, which has been gradually spreading over the country and annually gobbling up millions of dollars worth of foliage. The starling, it seems, is very much on the side of the forces waging war on the beetle.

In one area an investigation showed that the crops of dead starlings were well filled with the grubs of the beetle and in certain parts of the country the supposedly useless birds seemed to live on an exclusive diet of the pest from the Orient. A selected plot, where the beetle and other insect pests were thick, was turned over to a flock of starlings and the birds reduced the grubs of the beetle from 100 per square foot to half a dozen grubs per square foot. This bit of research alone was enough to convince the experts of the Biological Survey that the starling is not as bad as it seems and may come in very handy in fighting one of the worst pests that has established itself on this continent in many a year.

The starling is about the size of the thrush and has black feathers beautifully touched with purple, green and steel-blue. It eats certain forms of vegetation as well as insects and worms and has become a troublesome problem in England and other European countries where it is put down as an injurious species and is not protected by law as are the robins and other birds that enjoy good reputations. In the Autumn, just before the time for the annual migration South, the starlings gather in enormous flocks which, of late years, have made some of the biggest and finest buildings in the British Capital their roosting places. By the time the birds depart the buildings are ready for the cleaners.

Another count against the starlings which at last have proved that they are not entirely bad—is that the young are extremely "talkative" and a flock of them can make as much noise as the delegates at a political convention. The London Anti-Noise Commission has listed the starling as a public enemy which ought to be exterminated to help relieve the nerve-wracking din of the largest city in the world.

Mystery of the 3-Eyed Fish

THE RECENT catching of two three-eyed haddock, one off St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and the other in Boston Harbor, created a lot of excitement among fishermen and zoologists. Neither the men who go down to the sea in fishing schooners nor the gentlemen of science could quite believe that Mother Nature had evolved a triple-eyed haddock, one of the best known fish that swims the North Atlantic. But there was the "evidence"—until an expert who knows his fish put the haddock taken in Boston Harbor under the microscope and had a good long close-up of the oddity.

It was his opinion that Nature had nothing to do with the extra eye. "I am forced to the conclusion," he said, "that the extra eye is a fake one, that skin, flesh and bone were skilfully cut away and another haddock eye cleverly inserted in an artificial socket."

The haddock caught off the coast of Canada happened to bite onto the hook of an official of the Atlantic Biological Station. This fellow knows something about fish, too, and he had two of his colleagues inspect the curious haddock closely and make X-Ray photographs of it.

Before the specimen was sent to the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology the naturalists had come to the conclusion that this is a fake, too, and that some prankster with remarkable surgical skill is catching the haddock, operating on them in some obscure laboratory and tossing them back in the sea to confound those who catch them.

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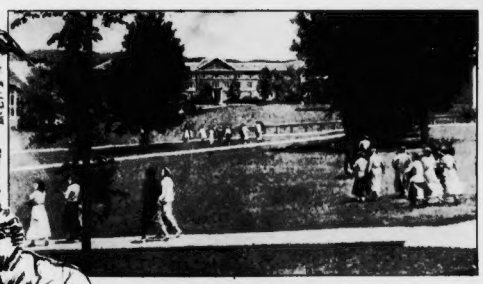
Heroically Sensible Miss Marcy

Yielding to Protect Her Students From the Campus Prowler, the Quick-Witted Seminary Teacher Might Have Kept Her Ordeal a Secret, but She Pretended to Be Fascinated and Made a Tryst Which Was Kept by a Policeman Dressed in Her Clothes



Campus of the Seminary, Where Munroe First Appeared, and Which Might Have Become His Regular Hunting Ground But For Miss Marcy's Heroically Sensible Action.

Miss Mildred Marcy, Northfield Seminary's Mathematics Teacher, Whose Quick Thinking and Self-Sacrifice Trapped Her Assailant Quickly Into the Hands of the Law and Sent Him to Prison for Life.

"TAKE off all your clothes, or else——"

Facing just about as dreadful a situation as a virtuous young woman could imagine, Miss Mildred Marcy, graduate of Wellesley College, sensibly yielded the necessary sacrifice to save her own life, but she might have kept the outrage and humiliation a secret to the end of her days.

Instead, she thought of the 540 girls, 15 to 18 years old, in the seminary at Northfield, Massachusetts, where the attack occurred, and made up her mind to save them from a similar fate. So this brave mathematics teacher, 25 years old, managed to convince the warped mind of her assailant that he had fascinated her. She made a date with the brute for the following evening, but it was kept by a policeman, dressed in her clothes, the very ones the criminal had forced her to take off.

No girl could have deserved such a misfortune less than this one. If fate had selected any of the "heavy petters" who are becoming common figures on many a campus, it would have mattered little. But fate knew what it was doing in picking on this nice, modest, shy victim because she is perhaps one girl in a million with the courage and character of a heroine.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

The famous evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, founder of the school at Northfield, would have recalled that New Testament quotation and pointed Miss Marcy out as proof that the Almighty does not impose heavier trials than a person has strength to bear.

Miss Marcy, whose home is in Newton Upper Falls, Massachusetts, graduated with high honors from Wellesley in 1932 and taught school around Boston for a while. Two years ago she was called to fill a vacancy in the mathematics department of the Northfield Seminary. Pretty but reticent and shy, she was not very well known to other members of the faculty but she was much liked by the girls who attended her classes. It was this popularity which brought an invitation from several girls living in a dormitory called Moore Cottage to visit them one night recently.

The teacher arrived soon after dinner, tutored a few of the girls part of the time and played bridge a while with others. At 9:45 she bade her youthful friends goodnight, walked to her car, parked in front of the dormitory, got in, and was just inserting the key to the ignition switch when a strange man loomed out of the darkness. Pointing a gun at her, he said:

"Don't speak a word and leave me get in that car."

Frightened, Miss Marcy did not know what the man's purpose was. If it was robbery, she had little in the way of money or jewelry. Perhaps he was a thief or other fugitive from the police and wanted only transportation. Various possibilities ran through her mind but she was quite sure of one thing. The fellow meant business and it might be fatal to refuse. Before she had time to think of an answer, he slipped in beside her, pressed the muzzle of the gun against her side and in a hoarse whisper, spoke again:

"Do exactly as I tell you."

The girl had the choice of obeying or of calling his bluff, if it was one. In her judgment it was not a bluff and considering what followed, she seems to have been right. She started the car and followed his curt directions until he finally had her stop in a wooded section of Northfield about two miles from the Moore Cottage.

"Now," he commanded, "take off every stitch of your clothing, or else——"

This left no doubt in the girl's mind as to what was coming. She had the choice of obeying or dying in defense of her honor. For an instant she looked at the muzzle of the gun, hesitating while rage and fear of death struggled within her. That, as is supposed to happen to drowning people, her whole life passed before her in a lightning-like review. Her family had spent their savings on her education and now she was almost their only support. Should the end of it all be the finding of her body in the woods, perhaps to become another unsolved Northfield murder? No, the sensible thing was to obey.

Life Imprisonment Was the Just Punishment Imposed on Clifford Munroe, Jr., Even Though He Promptly Confessed His Guilt.

After she had taken everything off, the man with gun made her get into the back seat and then he followed. At last the ordeal appeared to be over and she was permitted to put on her clothes, but it was not over. As she dressed she kept looking at him, etching his face in her memory forever and he seemed to know it. Suddenly putting the gun to her forehead, he talked again in that same hoarse whisper:

"I don't think I'll let you return because if I do you might squawk. I think I will kill you."

So, having made the sacrifice, she was to be killed after all. Miss Marcy frantically pleaded and argued. She told him she was the only support of her family but this did not interest him. She might still be that and still "squawk on him." She told him he didn't want to have the crime of murder to answer for but he didn't seem to see the logic of it. If he killed her, there was a good chance he might never be suspected, but if he let her live to tell, he probably would and the punishment for what he had already done was life imprisonment.

The man had superior strength and a gun, also a certain amount of brute cunning. Against this Miss Marcy had only the superior brains of a girl who had been able to graduate from college with honors, and those brains now rose to the occasion. She saw the only line of reasoning that would appeal and hastily advanced it, in a quick series of questions.

Why did he think she would tell anyone? Did he suppose she wanted the whole world to know of her shame and to have to tell it all on the witness stand while the defense lawyer would try to make her out a disreputable woman? Couldn't he see that she would lose her teaching job and perhaps never get another? She had everything to lose and nothing to gain by revealing it as long as she lived.

The man was impressed. He could not imagine anyone making a sacrifice of any sort unless it could not be avoided. Also the girl really meant what she said for she knew as she spoke that it was the sensible thing to do and what she would do, if he only would let her live. He lowered the gun, he was convinced, she was safe. Then the situation abruptly changed again. His lips curled as he sneered:

"Yes, I guess most any girl will keep her mouth shut."

Instantly the thought of the 540 student girls, aged 15 to 18, of the seminary, any one of them an easy victim for this beast, rose up in her mind and she decided then and there to tell, cost what it might. Those children had been entrusted to the faculty of the seminary to protect. She was one of the faculty, the youngest, but the whole duty of protecting them had been thrust upon her. Yet to tell would not be enough; she must lead the police to the man.

How was this to be done? To ask his name or even where he lived would instantly revive his suspicions and send a bullet through her brain. That busy brain remembered reading that criminals are childishly vain and this must be the weak spot to work on. She flattered him by adroit suggestions of awe at his daring and masterfulness. What a man he must be! The man expanded his chest, boasted rather sketchily of his conquests but revealed nothing that would be useful in tracking him down.

The girl had to go further and do a remarkable bit of acting. Hating and despising him, she had to make him believe that, in spite of what he had done to her, she was fascinated by him until finally the vain fool made a date to meet her the following evening. With a cheery farewell as if they were parting the best of friends she let him drive out near the Moore Cottage and drove away. Not until then did her tortured nerves go to pieces.

Doubled for the Heroine—Trooper Michael McCarthy Whose Woman's Dress Fooled Munroe and Brought About His Capture.

The first friend she met was William E. Leavy, superintendent of the seminary grounds, who took the painfully hysterical girl to Miss Mira B. Willson, headmistress of the school. Miss Willson gave first aid and called the school physician, Dr. Harriet B. Hardy. The doctor's examination showed physical evidence that Miss Marcy's statements were true. Meanwhile, state troopers arrived, whose reports brought State Detective Maurice B. Nelligan, with troopers Michael "Pat" McCarthy and Francis Noone at 3:30 A. M.

For about the tenth time, the unhappy victim had to retell the horror and still the ordeal was not over. The officers said they would keep that date in Miss Marcy's place but would like to borrow her car and all the clothes she had worn. The young teacher willingly agreed, but they also insisted that she must act as if nothing had happened, which meant that after all she had been through, including all-night questioning, to carry on her classes beginning at 9 A. M.

"She is in no condition to do that," protested Dr. Hardy.

"Oh yes I am and I will," the young woman assured them, in a tone that meant business. The men went out with a respect, amounting to reverence, as Nelligan said:

"It's one right citizen like her, you find once in a while, that holds this country together."

Early in the evening of the following day, Nelligan and McCarthy slipped into the Marcy garage where the youthful McCarthy changed to the teacher's clothing. His feet would not take her slippers, but that was all right because he had provided himself with a pair of more generous size. A wig fixed up his other extremity all but the face on which the detective went to work with powder and lipstick.

"You are a swell-looking girl," said Nelligan encouragingly, "that is on a dark night and not too close."

There was one serious defect. Pat's natural voice was deep and his attempts at a feminine falsetto brought advice that silence would be golden. With unfeminine punctuality, he drove Miss Marcy's car to the rendezvous where Noone, hiding in the bushes, had already spotted a car cruising up and down for some time. This now ranged alongside and a man's voice called out:

"Hi there, howya?"

To this the feminized cop responded only with coy silence. Fortunately the stranger suggested:

"Let's go in my car. It's more comfortable."

This gave McCarthy the opportunity to hobble over to the other car whose occupant showed by his expression this was not the girl he expected. The trooper therefore introduced himself:

"I am a state police officer and want to talk to you."

The fellow's jaw dropped and just then he caught sight of Noone emerging from the bushes. Saying nothing, he drew a gun and McCarthy reached for his but could not get it out. Feminine attire is so revealing that anything bigger than a postage stamp causes a bulge, so the only place to park the service pistol seemed to be in the bosom of his dress and there it stuck. It was a tense moment for McCarthy but without waiting to get his gun free he leaped for the running board just as the man stepped on the gas.

Dressed in Miss Marcy's Clothes, Trooper McCarthy Leaped on the Running Board and Then Saw the Man in the Automobile Had a Gun. Instead of Using It, He Started the Car, and as McCarthy, His Wig Askew, Hung on, Trooper Noone Broke from His Concealment and Shot at the Tires, Puncturing Them and the Gasoline Tank.

Off sped the car, McCarthy clinging precariously with one hand and fumbling for his gun with the other. Both officers were in a bad spot because this man might not be the one they wanted and would be justified in thinking it a holdup. Noone, one of the best shots on the force, took quick aim. He must not hit the driver nor his brother officer with fluttering skirts on the running board. With five shots he punctured both rear tires and the gas tank, bringing the car to a stop 200 yards away. This freed both McCarthy's hands with which he immediately tore the bosom of his dress wide open, pulled out the gun and pointed it at his prisoner.

Taken to Shelburne Falls Barracks, the captive identified himself as Clifford Eugene Munroe, Jr., 22 years old of Winchester, N. H., where he lived with his father, brother and two sisters. Munroe denied all knowledge of the attack until confronted by Miss Marcy. Then, even before she identified him, he confessed.

It was a heart-break for his father, a telephone company official who received the Theodore N. Vail medal for heroism in 1936, for risking his life during the flood of the Ashuelot River. Munroe, Jr., has just been sentenced to life imprisonment and the girls of the seminary are safe unless he is paroled in a few years.

Not long ago attention was attracted to Northfield by the unsolved murder of Dr. Spencer, headmaster of the boys' school. Then May E. Barnard, 17, drowned mysteriously in the swimming pool and the cashier of the boys' department accused its dean of threatening to kill him.

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"Go right across lady
..you're taking home
a lot of *pleasure*"

Chesterfields for Christmas

..they'll give
more pleasure

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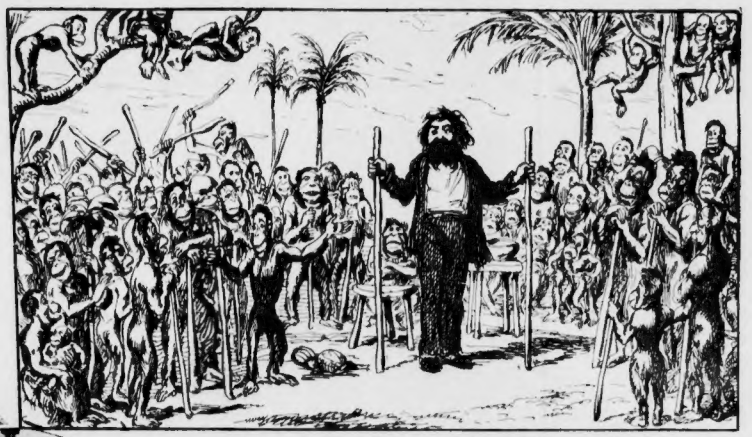
Apes Humiliated By Their Relationship to Man?

Professor Hooton, of Harvard, Says If They Aren't They Ought to Be, Because Man Is a Sorry Animal Rapidly Making Himself a Worse One and Is Headed for Extinction Unless He Reforms



An Old Drawing by the English Artist Cruikshank Which Aptly Illustrates One of the Points in Professor Hooton's Interesting Book, "Apes, Men and Morons." Back Almost a Hundred Years Ago the Satiric English Artist Recognized How Queer Man Must Look to Monkeys. He Titled the Picture—"Monster Discovered by the Orang-utans."

MAN is a tottering biped with a brilliant past and a dark future. For seven million years he improved himself, but 25,000 years ago all improvement stopped and he started going down-hill. As a gadget - manufacturing animal man is magnificent, but he is an economic fool who doesn't know how to use his gadgets wisely.

If marriages were made in factories, he would not be selling his biological birthright for a mess of morons. However, mankind may still escape extinction if it can prevent its brain from going the way of its teeth.

In brief, this is the opinion of Dr. Ernest Albert Hooton, Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University, set forth in "Apes, Men, and Morons," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, one of the most readable scientific books ever written.

Professor Hooton begins with what might be called an ape's-eye-view of human evolution and starts out with an apology for man. This, he admits, will be a shock to most people who consider that man was made in the image of the Creator or that he is a self-made animal and a beautiful job. But from most any angle his ape cousin looks at him, Homo Sapiens is either a pathetic or ridiculous figure.

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A Perfect Photograph of a Perfect Gorilla, "Bobby" of Berlin, Far Better Adapted to His Native Environment Than Man Is At Present to His Self Made One—and Apparently Looking With Scorn at the Wreaking of Today Getting His Hair Marcelled.

Fortunately, the most shocking defect is concealed from the apes by the fact that hunters and visitors to the zoos have the decency to wear clothes. What hairy blight robbed man's ancestors of the primate's natural furry protection of his tender skin against cuts and bruises, as well as the actinic rays of the sun, may never be known. Yet, as if to add insult to injury, mocking nature left a few bunches in ridiculous and inappropriate places, such as the face where it is a nuisance and the top of the head, the one spot where it is least needed because the brain is encased in a light-proof, bony box.

Women have been exempt from this facial nuisance but men, through the ages, have been cutting it down with all sorts of inventions from a sharp flint flake to an electric face mower. The theory was once advanced that Nature had made men naked so insect parasites could not live on him. Unfortunately, just enough was left to accommodate cooties and others as every soldier can testify. Also just enough has been left on a large number of feminine legs to do them no good but infuriate their owners.

Altogether man's nakedness is such an awful sight as to be unendurable to all but a few savages, nudists and perhaps one or two other low forms of life such as the hairless Mexican dog.

Man's flat, snoutless face, flat chest, protruding stomach, long hind legs and short arms flapping back and forth as he walks or runs but never touching the ground, all look like ridiculous signs of degeneration to the ape, and Dr. Hooton apologizes for them. The mystery of nakedness is not man's fault because even now he does not know how to get rid of hair permanently.

The rest of his freak appearance came from a heroic decision made by some sort of apelike ancestor who chose the hard path upward to humanity by walking on his hind legs. This, Professor Hooton believes, happened about seven million years ago, many times more than some scientists are willing to agree. They seem to have committed themselves early by guessing too late a date and now they are stuck with it.

As soon as that first anthropoid started walking on his short, hind legs, several things had to start happening. Those short legs had to grow longer and the arms shorter if for no other reason than to keep him from stepping on his trailing fingers. His prehensile hind feet, wretched makeshifts to stand on, had to be converted into some sort of pedestal and are still giving him plenty of trouble. It was the hand that developed the brain, that caved in the face, wrecked the snout, and ruined the teeth.

The baboon who spends much of his time on the ground, has as fine a snout as the dog, because he still runs on all fours and uses his mouth for fighting, tearing husks from vegetables and the other miscellaneous work a dog uses his teeth for. Man turned all that work over to his hands, which cracked a nut with a stone and an enemy's head with a club, leaving the mouth little to do but chew and swallow the food found and prepared by hands.

These prying, experimenting hands kept making discoveries which caused a vigorous growth of the cerebral cortex, where simple discoveries are associated with ideas that call for further experiments, resulting in more discoveries. This experimenting and active brain, as Dr. Hooton says:

"Finds more mischief still for idle hands to do."

In interesting detail the history of the bulging brain, the collapsing snout and the degenerating teeth are traced down the ages, as revealed by fossil fragments. There was the finding of Eoanthropus Dawsoni, a full-blown human brain, with an almost complete chimpanzee jaw.

Perhaps more surprising is the Rhodesian Man, found deep in a zinc mine. This ancient man, born hundreds of years before the first dentist, still had the projecting brow ridges of a gorilla together with the largest palate and the worst teeth of antiquity. All his teeth were decayed, he had been riddled with pyorrhea which had eaten his tooth sockets away and he even had an abscessed condition of the mastoid region which drained right out through the bone.

INT'L

One of the Ways Humanity Is Committing Suicide, Professor Hooton Points Out, Is by Modern Warfare Which Kills Off the Best Men and Leaves the Human Seconds Home to Do the Propagating.

But if the human mouth was no longer used for most of its original purposes, a new and dreadful one had been found for it—talk. Dr. Hooton thinks that too much credit for human progress has been given to speech and doubts if the first human creatures, from whom Homo Sapiens and others, such as the Neanderthal man, sprang, had much more to say to each other than do modern apes. Among other evidence he points out that some savages, including the African pygmies, though a race of their own, have never developed a language of their own but get along with a vocabulary parroted from neighboring and higher tribes.

No doubt speech made it possible to pass on valuable information from parents to children and to organize communities, but this was used mostly to make war on other communities. An ape would see the value of that but the desire of everyone to talk incessantly to someone whether the latter wanted to listen or not, would seem to him as idiotic as the all-night chirping of the cricket.

The scientific author mentions that the apes, if they pleased, could be greater vocalists than man. A gorilla can outscream a woman and utter a thunderous booming sound which can be heard for three miles, but he is one of those strong, silent characters who rarely raises his voice except on important occasions and then always gets respectful attention.

Liberated Murderers, Thieves and Other Convicted Felons. No Animal Society Tolerates the Outlaw."

And Another Thing to Make the Apes Ashamed of Us, Dr. Hooton Points Out, Is "How at Each Christmas Season Our Wise and Noble Governors Bestow Upon Our Happy States the Priceless Gift of a Parcel of Liberated Murderers, Thieves and Other Convicted Felons. No Animal Society Tolerates the Outlaw."

Man (and woman) not only talk when they have little or no message, but by straining human inventiveness have managed by radio to be heard clear around the world. The ape might ask: Who uses this great discovery mostly? Some scientist to announce a discovery for saving lives?" He would have to be told: No, that it was usually a crooner.

The apes, on hearing this, might be pardoned for denying evolution, or at least human relationship and Dr. Hooton wonders on what babbling anthropoid science will finally pin human descent. He discusses the various suspects, including a recent little fellow, called Tarsius, an infant prodigy of the primates. He says that Tarsius is demanding admission to the Daughters of the Evolution because it tended to sit up straight in the trees and use its hands a lot. But did Tarsius come down? That is the all-important question because, as the author says:

"Man, like Zaccheus, owes his importance to the fact that, having climbed a tree, he straightway came down."

The ground was a dangerous place 7,000,000 years ago for a tangle-footed biped who should have kept his degenerating mouth closed. But talk developed into a deadly weapon which Dr. Hooton thinks may have killed more people than bullets and has been used with fatal effect in historic times. He points out that the first thing a conquering race does is to impose its language on the conquered who thus are at a disadvantage in talking back. It makes the lives of the oppressed still more wretched and reduces their will to survive and propagate.

The Professor is not sure that Homo Sapiens did not talk the Neanderthal man to death because it is hard to account for his extinction by any other means. Neanderthal was there first and though of more brutish cast of countenance, he had as large a brain. Possibly Homo Sapiens had better weapons, but not much better. There was no such distinction as between those of the Italians and the natives of Ethiopia or the American Colonists and the Indians.

Man developed that huge brain when he had to think out everything for himself and to guess wrong meant a violent death for him and starvation for his wife and children. Speech relieved him of some of this brain work but not enough to stunt his mental growth. Early wars were of short duration and though the halt, the lame, the blind and the stupid stayed home and tended to propagate, this was more than offset by the victors' love-making privileges among the conquered. Modern wars, of course, have the worst possible effect of killing off the best men and leaving the human seconds home to do the propagating.

Even worse have been the effects of medical science and philanthropy. Medicine, by reducing the number of children who die and increasing everyone's expectation of life, has vastly increased the number of unproductive persons at both ends of the span. Boys and girls are now maintained, the author says, "as human parasites for the first two decades or more of their lives. The situation of the young man who could not marry his girl because they could not live with her folks because her folks were still living with their folks, would not arise in anthropoid society."

While being supported, boys and girls are supposed to be getting an education. Unfortunately, whatever they learn does not seem to teach them to think, as proved by the alarming success of today's demagogues.

State and private charity take tender care of the unfit, making it possible for them to produce large litters of still more unfit children, all at the expense of the rapidly diminishing number of fit who, under the burden of taxation, tend to have less and less children of their own. Dr. Hooton remarks:

"I should point out, now at each Christmas season, our wise and noble governors bestow upon their happy states the priceless gift of a parcel of liberated murderers, thieves and other convicted felons. No animal society tolerates the outlaw. The anti-social animal is killed or driven out."

It is in connection with this petting of criminals and pampering of the unfit, that Dr. Hooton says:

"Modern man is selling his biological birthright for a mess of morons and though the voice may be the voice of democracy, the hands are the hands of the apes."

"I think," writes Dr. Hooton, "that a biological purge is the essential prerequisite for a social and spiritual salvation. We must, in some way, encourage a sit-down reproductive strike of the busy breeders among the morons, criminals and social ineffectuals of our population. Probably compulsory sterilization alone would serve in the case of the insane and the mentally deficient, but it is very difficult to enforce such a measure in a democracy, unless it has been preceded by an educational campaign which has reached all the teachable and socially-minded individuals of the electorate. Probably the only effective method would be to establish in our secondary schools and colleges courses of applied human biology which would disseminate knowledge of the facts of heredity and the relation of man's organism to his behavior."

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Take the Wheel—and let the new* DYNAFLASH ENGINE *and* TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING *show you why the 1938 Buick is the Most Modern Chassis in the World!

SO you think that automotive design has hit a flat spot and is just tinkering along . . .

—and that some clever face-lifting is about all the changes for the new year amount to . . .

—and that, what with traffic and all, the "kick" is pretty much gone out of driving . . .

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On style, comfort, size, performance, they'll put you right up with the leaders!

Buick dealers now have a few of these late-model Buicks that have been turned in on 1938 cars. They're offering them at non-profit prices that make them better values than some new cars!

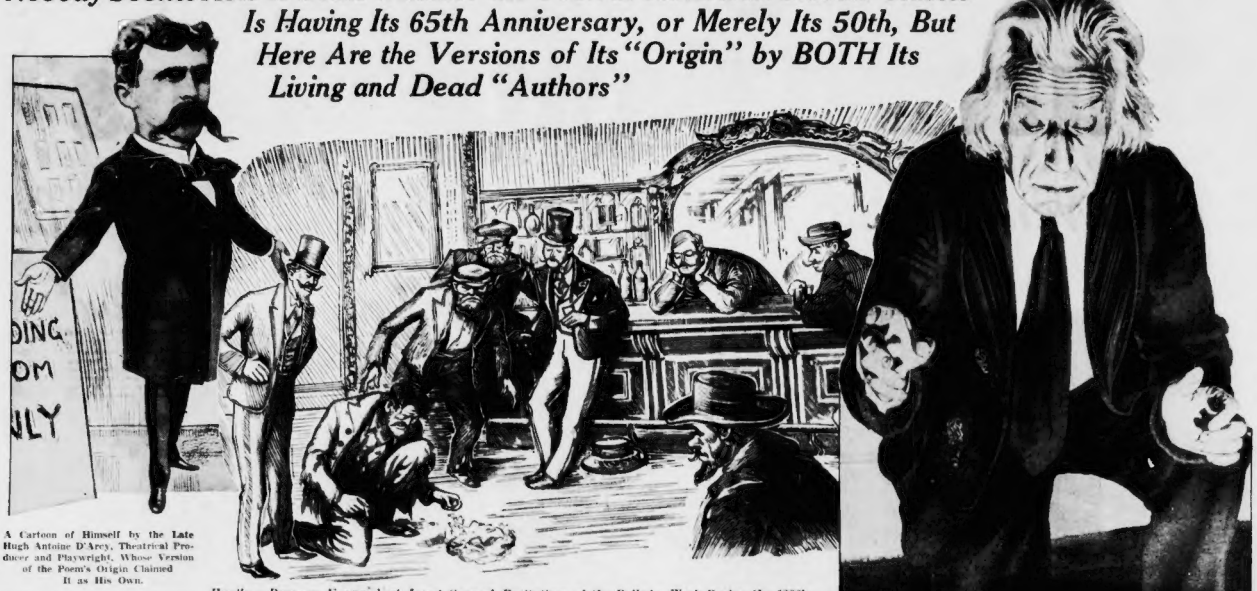
So, before you resign yourself to a lesser car, why not see what the money will buy in a late-model slightly-used Buick? You'll get valve-in-head power—eight-cylinder smoothness—torque-tube drive—Knee-Action comfort and safety—Body by Fisher—all together, a list of features no other car offers, even in 1938 models!

Yes, for exciting bargains, see your Buick dealer *first*. Remember—you get a better used car at your Buick dealer's!

"BETTER BUY BUICK!"

Who Did Write "The Face on the Barroom Floor"?

Nobody Seems Able to Settle Whether the Tearful American Saloon Classic Is Having Its 65th Anniversary, or Merely Its 50th, But Here Are the Versions of Its "Origin" by BOTH Its Living and Dead "Authors"



A Cartoon of Himself by the Late Hugh Antoine D'Arcy, Theatrical Producer and Playwright, Whose Version of the Poem's Origin Claimed It as His Own.

Hardly a Barroom Escaped at Least Several Recitations of the Ballad a Week During the 1890's—A Quaint Old Print of the Original Episode (Whenever That Was) Just Before the Heartbroken Artist Dropped Dead.

INT'L PHOTO

"... fetch the char you mark the whiskey score and see ... her face in fancy on the barroom floor"—Mr. John Henry Titus Re-enacts the Dramatic Episode Which He Says Inspired Him to Write the Poem.

The Picturesque Tavern in Jefferson, Ohio, Birthplace of Mr. Titus, and, He Claims, the Scene of the Human Drama That Inspired His Verses.

INT'L PHOTO

"... so ashen alway as sun afright, and clarion as volunteer-choir or parson ..."
Mr. Titus Looks Back to His Birthplace, as He Draws Each Verse From His Store of Memories.

PROBABLY no other sentimental ballad ever written in this country has been recited so many times, or caused so many listeners to feel lumps rise up in their throats—many of them thirsty throats—as that fine old American classic, "The Face on the Barroom Floor." A great favorite in the Gay Nineties, it was later used as Prohibition propaganda, and no doubt was a big help in the early days of that movement.

Yet the question of who wrote it is a literary mystery that keeps cropping up, and just the other day the controversy over its origin was stirred up again by the announcement that the sixty-fifth anniversary of its publication was being celebrated in New York City with its author, Mr. John Henry Titus, as guest of honor.

Mr. Titus is now ninety-one years old and, according to one school of thought, there is no doubt whatever that he wrote the original version and published it in 1872. But there is an equally insistent little group of historians who would deny him the credit and give it to the late Mr. Hugh Antoine D'Arcy, a playwright and theatrical manager, whose version was apparently first published in 1887.

During the past fifty years, any number of people have come forward with the claim that they not only wrote the popular ballad, but got their inspiration from actually seeing a drunken artist draw a portrait of his lost sweetheart on a barroom floor, falling across it dead, just as he added the last touch. But none of them had anything much to back up his claim, and the field now seems to be narrowed down to Mr. Titus and Mr. D'Arcy each of whom has a lot in his favor.

Right up to the year of his death in 1925, at the age of eighty-three, Mr. D'Arcy stoutly maintained that the poem was his and his alone. One of his most convincing methods of trying to prove his point was to tell how he happened to write it and then recite it, often with tears in his eyes. On top of that, he backed up his claim by having his version copyrighted four different times.

Mr. Titus has also sought to prove the validity of his version by describing the incident that inspired it, and reciting it practically any time and anywhere he could get somebody to listen. In fact, he has just completed a 5,000-mile automobile tour of the country, with a trailer and a wife who is fifty years his junior, making a study of the new type of drinking places that have sprung up since Repeal, and giving dramatic recitals of his poem, with gestures.

As can be seen from the photographs on this page, showing two of the high points in his graphic presentation, he is undoubtedly an exceptionally talented elocutionist of the old school. And if his emotional portrayal can be accepted as proof of the validity of his claim, then his particular verses really must be the original ones.

The puzzling question of who really created this poem was once even tried out in court, but the judge was simply unable to settle it. This was about four years after Mr. D'Arcy's death, and while Mr. Titus had no ill feeling toward his rival, he did want some official recognition of the authenticity of his version. So he asked a New York judge to hand down a ruling. The judge was very sympathetic, but after listening to the story, he threw the case out of court on the grounds that there was no legal proof, one way or the other. However, he found the story so moving he proceeded to take up a collection in court, turning over $34.75 to Mr. Titus, so the poet could pay his room rent, which was overdue.

One of the most interesting things about this odd situation is the stubborn way the public mixed up Mr. Titus' title with Mr. D'Arcy's wording, in a somewhat high-handed manner. Almost everyone who recited the poem stuck pretty close to Mr. D'Arcy's version, but rejected his title, which was "The Face Upon the Floor." The general impression seems to have been that Mr. Titus had him beat a mile with "The Face on the Barroom Floor." So that title was almost always used, even when Mr. D'Arcy's lines were spoken.

In time, Mr. Titus' title perhaps became even more famous than the ballad itself. People who did not know the words and had only a vague idea of the story were familiar with his title, and used it. All of this used to make D'Arcy so mad he could just about bite a ten-penny nail in two.

Great minds often work in the same channel, and that may explain why these two poets happened to tackle the same theme. At different times, about twenty years apart, and in different cities—Mr. Titus in Jefferson, Ohio, and Mr. D'Arcy in New York City—no doubt they saw similar incidents. Right away, each was struck by his own individual inspiration, like a private bolt of lightning, and wrote his ballad, each telling practically the same story.

But this does not explain how they happened to use the same names for the principal characters, or why in a number of spots they used almost identical wording. Mr. D'Arcy begins his ballad with these well-known lines:

"'Twas a balmy Summer evening,
And a goodly crowd was there,
Which well nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and paused upon the floor."

But being more poetic, Mr. Titus has given his ballad a somewhat stronger literary flavor, and he opens up with these lines:

"Astir the pine in sombre lay
'Twas a barmy Autumn night and
a godly lot was there
That 'oversaw' Joe's barroom as
Court on the square;
And as song in wit as story ekes
of oaken, door
A vagabond stept lowly in askan
upon the floor."

Evidently something of a mystic with a highly developed creative instinct, Mr. Titus does not hesitate to create a new word when he cannot find an old one to express what he has in mind. This is why the above lines are somewhat mystifying and call for an explanation.

It seems curious that he should speak of a "pine" being "astir" in a barroom, but this is simply a "literary allusion," or reference to the name of the barroom where he says the episode took place—the Old Pine Tree Tavern in Jefferson.

It was not, however, a "balmy" night but a "barmy" one and, according to Mr. Titus, that means sultry or oppressive, and indicates that a storm was brewing. Furthermore, he does not make his group a "goodly" or large one, but a "godly" or, as he explains it, self-righteous lot.

This happened, says Mr. Titus, not long after the court house had burned down and the rooms facing the balcony that overlooked the tavern taproom were used for holding court, hence his obscure reference to something "that 'oversaw' Joe's barroom as Court on the square."

Some readers may stumble over the word "askan," so just in case they do trip up, Mr. Titus has explained that it means that the vagabond was surprised because no one recognized him, since he had been there a lot of times before the unfaithful sweetheart made a bum out of him.

The next verse, as copyrighted by Mr. D'Arcy, runs like this:

"'Where did it come from?' some one said. 'The wind has blown it in.'
'What does it want?' another cried.
'Some whiskey, rum or gin.'
'Here, Toby, sic him if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork,
he's filthy as a Turk.'"

Mr. Titus, however, covers this same situation with these more or less impressionistic lines:

"Ha, where's it from? Wind'as
blown it in;
What does it want? (another)
whiskey rum or gin?
See, Tobe! sic! Joe's can do the
work,
I wouldn't touch it with a fork, it's
fetid as a turk!"

Mr. Titus has not explained how the dog got into his verse and why it happened to be named Tobe, so curiously similar to the Toby of Mr. D'Arcy's version. His account of the incident that inspired him is as follows:

"About the time I was born the owner of the Tavern was Tom Thompson, who had a beautiful daughter, Magdalene. Two local boys, Joe Farley and Bob Delebar, fell in love with her.

"Magdalene did not seem to care for either of them, and each blamed the other for stealing the girl's heart. It came to the point where Bob threatened to kill Joe. Joe finally joined the gold rush to California. Shortly afterwards Bob also left town, but he went in the opposite direction. He left for New York, where he became an artist. Meanwhile Magdalene married another man.

"Joe returned in a few years and became the bartender in the Old Pine Tavern. One Autumn night, in the late Sixties, while the bar was crowded with people, the heavy door opened and in staggered a man in tatters. No one recognized him until he himself revealed his identity. It was Bob.

"Joe, when he learned who the vagabond was, left the bar and disappeared. He still feared that Bob came to kill him. Bob in the meantime had a few drinks and then told the story of his tragic love. The whole town knew the story but everyone in the bar listened attentively. I among them. Then Bob suddenly knelt on the floor and drew Magdalene's image on it. No sooner had he finished the drawing than he collapsed. He died the next day."

Inspired by this melodramatic situation, young Titus wrote his verses, which he says were first published in the Ohio Sentinel in 1872. If he could produce a copy of the paper, that would settle the controversy once and for all, of course. But he has no copy of the paper. Unfortunately the files of the old Sentinel went up in smoke in 1906 during a fire that almost destroyed the whole business section of Jefferson.

Equally as mystifying as Mr. Titus' failure to explain where he got the idea for a dog named Tobe is Mr. D'Arcy's use of the name Madeleine for his faithless heroine—a name that so closely resembles the rival poet's Magdalene. Mr. D'Arcy has described the incident that inspired him as follows:

"It happened back in 1887 when the theatrical center of New York was on Union Square. One of the best saloons in the neighborhood was Joe Schmidt's. Schmidt had an Irish terrier called Toby, who was very intelligent and knew that his master only catered to high class trade.

"One night a crowd of us were sitting around when a man shambled into the barroom. He was unshaven, dirty and drunk.

"We gave him a drink and he gulped it down. But Toby didn't like his looks and started snapping at him. Joe felt the same way and threw the fellow out. We went out on the street and gave him another drink. But he wouldn't tell us anything except that he was an artist.

"I was hopping mad at Joe and wanted to do something to make him ashamed of himself. On my way to my hotel I thought of the first lines of the poem and when I got there I sat up all night to finish it. When I read it to Joe it brought tears into his eyes. Later it was published in the Dispatch, a theatrical and sporting newspaper, on August 7, 1887."

In Mr. D'Arcy's version, the artist makes the fatal error of introducing Madeleine to "a fair-haired boy, who lived across the way." The artist was painting a portrait of this friend, and Madeleine had admired the dreamy eyes and said she would like to know him. So the artist introduced them, and here's what happened:

"It didn't take long to know him,

(Continued on Page 22)

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A College Professor Turned Santa Claus

...by Inventing the World's Grandest Christmas Gift!

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Included with Pen and Pencil Sets at $12.50 and $15. A regal Gift-setting for Parker's flashing laminated Pearl style. When Pen and Pencil are removed, case serves as a handy container for jewelry or boudoir articles.

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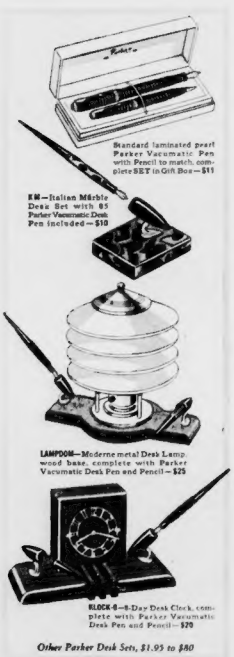

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Exclusively styled in smartly laminated Pearl, now Slenderized for restful Balance, yet having Double Ink Capacity and 33⅓% More Gold

If you want the ones whom you adore to be enraptured 100% with your Christmas Gift, put this millionaire's Pen on your "must" list. They'll carry it over their hearts for life! Ordinary pens won't please them 50% so much, or last half so long.

Go to any good pen counter and see these new and superlative Major and Maxima models. And see the stunning new Parker Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Sets in the regal Gift Box illustrated above.

See, also, Parker's new and original creations in Pen Desk Sets of onyx, marble, glass, chrome, rare woods and leather, complete with Parker Vacumatic Desk Pens.

The revolutionary Parker Vacumatic was invented by a Professor at the University of Wisconsin. It is the Pen that gives a person second sight by letting him SEE the ink level at all times—so he can refill at any odd moment—so it won't run dry.

Because it eliminates the old-time rubber ink sac and piston pump, this marvel has room for 102% more ink than our famous Duofold. Hence it requires filling only 3 or 4 times from one Christmas to the next.

A wholly new and exclusive Style creation, with shimmering laminations of alternate Pearl and Jet—now lighter than light in weight and gracefully slenderized for restful balance.

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Holds 102% MORE INK THAN OUR FAMOUS DUOFOLD

Eagles That Kill for Man

The Kirghiz Hunter Holds His Ten Pound Eagle With His Hand Gloved in Folded Leather. Contrary to the Custom of the Western Falconers He Holds the Eagle in His Right Hand Because of the Bird's Weight.

Satisfied With Its Reward, the Eagle, a Leather Hood Pulled Over Its Head, Sits Back. The Hood Will Be Removed as Soon as Another Animal Is Sighted by the Hunter

When an Animal Is Sighted the Hunter Releases the Eagle, Which Has a Wing Spread of Nine Feet or More. Only the Golden Eagle, Shown Above, Is Used in This Sport.

NOT long ago a dispatch from Russia referred briefly to eagles in Turkestan trained to hunt game for mountaineers.

The American Weekly sent to the scene of action a Russian asking for complete details of the story and also for photographs.

In this page are photographs taken especially for The American Weekly and will be of interest for the extraordinary skill they reveal.

The eagles take the place of the falcons of ancient medieval and even more recent times which were trained to hunt hare and sometimes small game, but which are not large enough to attack and kill a full grown animal.

The largest and most powerful of the species is the high lofty eagle of the Tian Shan mountains where these photographs were taken and the best specimens are those of the Kirghiz a nomadic tribe whose legends and traditions date before written history. The eagle used is the golden eagle which weighs at times from seven to ten pounds.

The Kirghiz hunting season extends from February until March. While they do not attack a full grown wolf, being eagles much half the length of the wolf's body.

The young eagle is first trained to hunt small game and is then taken to the mountains where it is released to hunt foxes. The eagle is trained to attack the fox from the rear and to seize it by the tail. Then it flies around the fox, confusing it and finally attacks it from the front, seizing the head in its talons and tearing out the eyes with its beak.

Next comes the catching of the prey. The skin of a fox or another animal is stuffed and put in place of the eye sockets. At first the eagle will tear the stuffed animal, but after a few lessons it will pounce on the animal when it is released and attack it. After two or three lessons it attacks with great fury.

In training the eagle to hunt foxes, the trainer must be careful to preserve the eagle's appetite.

After the eagle has learned to attack the fox, it is taught to attack the wolf. When the eagle sights the wolf it swoops down on it, striking the head of the animal. The eagle then tears out the eyes of the animal.

Trained eagles have been known to kill a full grown wolf in this manner. If the animal is large the eagle kills it by forcing its talons into the back. The larger animals the eagle grabs by the head and the head drawn up to the eagle's body, thus preventing the victim's escape. After the eagle has killed the animal it tears off pieces of meat and feeds itself. After the eagle has had its fill of meat it will return to the hunter.

A good hunting eagle will not catch its prey in less than a half hour. Sometimes it will take a whole day before it can get its prey.

The training of the eagle does not end with the training of the bird to attack the animal. The eagle must be taught to return to the hunter.

The training of the eagle is a progressive one with one of these trained eagles.

The Trained Eagle Swoops Squarely on the Victim and Kills, Usually, by Breaking Its Back. It Holds the Prey, in This Case a Corsac, Fast, Until the Master Arrives.

The Huntsman Takes Away the Victim From the Eagle's Hold and Rewards the Bird With Pieces of Meat Which He Always Carries Along in His Bag

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BY THE COLOR OF HER EYES

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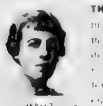
SAYS

Merle Oberon

Merle Oberon, star of Alexander Korda's Technicolor production "The Divorce of Lady X."

THE COLOR OF HER EYES that all-over eyeful Merle Oberon chose to give ... was the last that personal attitude ... passion ... romance!



THAT'S YOUR CLUE also to ... makeup she wants. It's matched makeup ... that ... powder, rouge, lipstick ... and mascara. And you'll get ... lovely skin ... with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. It's ... color ... of your eyes!

IT'S A GLAMOUR SECRET! Paris agrees ... the clue to the color that do the most for our Beauty editor, fashion experts, Hollywood and Broadway stars are using the new Eye-Matched Makeup. And young girls, older women, blondes, brunettes—come out of ten women who get this subtly flattering protective makeup—say it gives them alluring new beauty

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BE POPULAR this Christmas! Don't let misfit makeup cheat you of attractiveness ... of dates, dances, phone calls. The surest way to quick popularity, they'll tell you in Hollywood, is to be your *own natural self* ... and make the most of your *own natural beauty*. Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup ends misfit makeup ... that artificial look! Your face is a picture, as an artist would paint it ... each makeup shade in harmony with your hair, your skin, with *you* ... because it's right with the feature that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, ... Merle Oberon ... all ... lipstick ... Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup ... It flatters your skin ... It flatters your hair. ... Your complete Eye-Matched Makeup ... will ... Your ... Eye-Matched Makeup ... powder ... lipstick ... eye shadow ... mascara ... only $1.10 ... Canada 65c

PLAY SANTA CLAUS, give Marvelous the Eye Matched Makeup! Wear it yourself ... for new popularity this Christmas. Your friends' delight ... your mirror's approval ... will be your rich reward!

Marvelous Rouge, in soft pastels, velvet-smooth, spreads with the ease flutters of fine powder. Doesn't dry or harm your skin

The lipstick you've been longing for. Marvelous Lipstick, young and ... Lasts ... to protect ... with the ...

Sensitive skins welcome Marvelous Face Powder ... silk-sifted ... Stays on ... Just ... to ... and ...

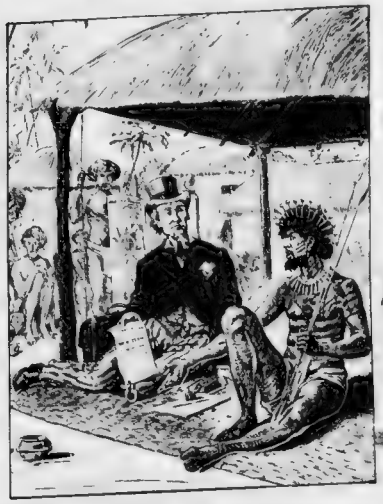
... Marvelous Eye Shadow ... Mascara ... Marvelous ...

MARVELOUS Eye-Matched MAKEUP

BY RICHARD HUDNUT

His Tragic Price for "Civilization"

150 Years of White Man's Meddling, Muddling, Measles and Money End Hawaii's "Royalty" and Send Playboy Prince David, Last of the Line of Island Kings, to Prison for Ten Years for Killing His Common-Law Princess



Cartoon From a New York Newspaper in 1875 Showing Uncle Sam Presenting a White Man's "Constitution" for a Sandwich Island King, the King Is Saying:
"The things that white men have brought to these shores—
We have found in their use a most cursed retribution
'Tis but right you should give us, to settle old scores,
For our broken down health a brand new constitution."

Before the Whites Arrived. Hula Dancer in Native Costume; Then in the Transitory Skirt and Blouse the Missionaries Made Them Wear—

Prince David, Who, Like His Ancestors, Grew Soft and Careless, and Who Now Sits in a Cell Instead of at His Yacht's Helm.

—AND Nowadays on Waikiki Beach, Back Again to the First Costume But Far More Scanty Than the Original.

Arelle Kinsley, Half-Caste Sweetheart of Prince David, Whose Murder Closed His Playboy Career.

"THIS wahine (woman) is all pau (finished)," said David Kahalaia Kawananakoa, playboy Prince of Hawaii, as he staggered onto the deck of the cabin cruiser, carrying the lifeless body of Arelle Kinsley.

He was all pau and with his pretty wife, Abigail Campbell Kawananakoa, [illegible] of the richest girls in the world, [illegible] pounds but without an ounce of superfluous fat. Both Mrs. Kawananakoa and their people [illegible] missionaries mud [illegible] and stones.

[illegible] three years ago, [illegible] as Prince Koke [illegible] behind the bars serving a ten-year sentence for murder in the second degree.

Because this one time probably served a two-year suspended sentence for manslaughter in connection with the death of Stanley Connors, killed in an automobile accident on the very spot where one of his greatest ancestors won his greatest victory. Yet all this pampered descendant of the old giant rulers had to do in order to inherit an income of $50,000 a year from his indulgent mother Princess David Abigail Kawananakoa was to keep out of jail a few years. But to the white man's ways [illegible]

When Captain Cook discovered the islands 40,000 magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood [illegible] down to see the strangers with their thundering white-winged canoes. The archipelago became known to the world at first as the "Cannibal Isles."

A year or so later an American whaling ship stopped at the handiest island for repairs and to get some scurvy-preventing fresh vegetables. On it was a youthful boatswain, John Young, of Cape Cod, Massachusetts. John was fed up with the hard, smelly life on a whaler.

The sight of this balmy paradise, full of healthy, laughing people, tempted him and he deserted. When the foul-smelling whaler was hull-down on the horizon, Young came out of the underbrush to sit beneath a palm.

Presently his ears were thrilled by the sound of a woman's song, but it was nothing to the thrill of his eyes when the singer appeared. She looked like a goddess, over six feet tall in her stocking feet, except that she had no stockings, shoes or anything else but a one-piece garment from waist to knee.

Slipping out of this, the magnificent young maiden swam powerfully for a while came out and was just performing the simple, gesture of dressing when she spotted Young. The bo'sun had been watching a royal princess at her bath.

The two smiled on each other and when John Young pointed to his mouth and stomach, she led him away to the palace where he found she was the prettiest of the whole family. Its head, Kamehameha (who I was of monstrous size, said to have weighed [illegible] pounds. Since he was [illegible] age some of this [illegible] was fat, but most [illegible] was bone and muscle with a back "as broad and high as the stern of a frigate."

The [illegible] of a family of Titans [illegible] other [illegible] accident. For [illegible] biggest [illegible] other [illegible] Hawaiians [illegible] Arvar [illegible] In [illegible] realm, the islands in [illegible] about 500 A. D.

Young knew he had [illegible] impression on His Majesty [illegible] presenting him with a kit to [illegible] showing off by smoking a pipe, chewing tobacco and performing a few other parlor tricks of the day. The King made him his prime minister or grand Vizier and gave him in marriage the handsome daughter who had picked him up on the beach. This resulted in many things, including his becoming the great great grandfather of the playboy Prince David.

Time marched on with [illegible] and [illegible] Ships touching at the islands to collect loads of sandal wood, which they traded for tea and spices in China to sell at [illegible] for real [illegible] in Europe and some of the American ports. The Hawaiians by that [illegible] called "Sandwich Islands" received in return for their sandal wood's mostly beads and similar worthless gew-gaws, but no clothes until after the coming of the missionaries in [illegible].

Young, [illegible] by that time had a full grown [illegible] of his own, decided it was his duty [illegible] to make up for a somewhat irreligious youth by helping the missionaries save the souls of the natives who up to that time had been in happy ignorance of such a thing. His friend the King was dead, succeeded by his son, Kamehameha II, who quickly became the first victim of the white man's diseases. After his death, the Dowager Queen Kaahumanu held the throne for seven years until another son came of age.

In spite of the Dowager's disapproval, Young managed to have the missionaries presented. During the entire audience, Her Majesty held a dog in her lap, and constantly searched the animal's fur for fleas and, as often as she found one, it went into the royal mouth. This disconcerted them even before Young had a chance to explain to his zealous friends that this was disapproval.

Nevertheless, as prime minister he contrived to have them invited to the coronation of the second King Kamehameha. For this occasion he induced the future King to trade a lot of sandal wood for a whaling ship, the Cleopatra. In the Cleopatra's small boats decked with flowers and feathers, the King's wives were paddled to the scene of the ceremony.

Unfortunately it was the duty of the missionaries to make everybody wear clothes and this seemed like the chance of a lifetime to get the idea over. For that purpose these pious men and women had provided themselves with several bolts of silk, needles and thread. In vain they argued the idea until finally someone induced the Dowager Queen to try on a silk dress of flaming red satin.

The old lady fell for it and headed the procession in it, with a scarlet sunshade, and sitting on a four-poster bed which some Yankee had traded her for $2,000 worth of sandal wood, all supported by the strong backs of her subjects. The lesser ladies of the court did likewise but, arrived at the place for the ceremony one of them, Princess Fauahi, tore off her dress and threw it into the fire and danced a hula-hula. This sad example was followed by most of the others, to the chagrin of the missionaries, who thought they had lost their hope of decently clothing these naked and unashamed women. Alas, they were destined to win, with fatal results.

But before this had time to come, Young persuaded the new King to trade the precious sandal wood no longer for toys, but muskets, cannon and ammunition. When he had enough of these things, the King, who up to that time, like his father had been only the King of one of the islands, put to sea with all his canoes, and with the whaler as a flag-ship, conquered all the other islands.

The missionaries constantly increased their numbers and influence until finally they persuaded the populace that they ought to go clothed from head to foot. The masses could not afford silks and satins so the emotional quality of "Mother Hubbards" was provided for them made out of the cheapest cotton cloth. The result was something which neither the missionaries nor anyone else could have foreseen.

The endless sermons on modesty had been misunderstood because the native had no such word in his vocabulary or such idea in his mind. Finally they came to the conclusion that there was some sort of magic in going clothed as proved by the white man's superior powers. With this in view, they wore the cotton garments 24 hours out of the day, in bed and even in the water, letting them dry on their bodies. This caused thousands to be killed by pneumonia and many thousands more to die a lingering death from tuberculosis.

Kamehameha II and his favorite Queen, convinced that everything was better in civilized countries had paid a State visit to England where both promptly died of the measles. It was a warning of what was to come. The rapidly increasing number of white traders and residents brought the germs of this disease to the islands where the weakened survivors of the epidemics of pneumonia and tuberculosis were again ravaged by this one to which they had acquired no natural immunity. Now, as a result of these and other white man's curses, at Kona where Capt. Cook saw those 40,000 fine specimens, pure-blooded Hawaiians are so scarce as to be outnumbered by Japanese immigrants.

The white man brought political ideas that were all right in the country he came from but poisonous to the natives in their stage of development. They introduced money absolutely necessary for the running of the white man's complex civilization, but confusing and demoralizing to the simple Hawaiian. It wrecked the barter system, making it possible for some women to have costly clothes like the white women, while others had nothing but the cheap and wretched "Mother Hubbards." Women who had gone naked and unashamed now hung their heads and blushed in wretched poverty.

The Royal family degenerated with its subjects succeeding Kings conceding more and more of their autocratic powers until little more real authority was left them than that enjoyed by the King of England. Just once, the old might and majesty of the past flared up in the person of Queen Liliuokalani.

When that Monarch ascended the throne she tried to regain the powers of her predecessors. She was the grandaunt of Prince David and her husband was not a native Prince but John O Dominis, son of a sea captain. Dissolving parliament she tried to re-establish the old feudal system but a revolution forced her to abdicate in 1895. S B Dole set up a republic with himself as president but, after a few years' negotiations, the islands were annexed by the United States. Queen "Lili" died in 1917 at the age of 80. Among other things she composed Aloha Oe.

One of her nephews was Prince David Kawananakoa who married Abigail Campbell, the daughter of a rich planter. It is this [illegible] Campbell who is the mother of the playboy Prince.

Of course the rich widow who recently entertained Senator Tydings with a $5,000 feast spoiled the boy. Her money got him out of scrape after scrape until five years ago he drove his car at 80 miles an hour down the road traversing the cliff at Pali where one of his ancestors buried a whole army over the top. The car crashed killing Miss Felicity Conners, a young California girl. The authorities weary of the Prince's lawlessness, gave him a ten-year sentence, with a five-year probationary period.

Only recently, just before this probation would have been over, he held a wild party in his apartment at Waikiki only a short distance from the scene of the Massie attack and murder. In the party were Arvella Kinsley, beautiful but fiery girl of 22, whom he had often called his common-law wife for the last two years, but as often thrown out for alleged infidelities. Also there were her sister Rose, Major Bernard Tooker, U. S. A., John Hollinger and John S. McKenzie.

The guests say that they heard quarreling in the kitchen and a heavy fall. After that the Prince appeared carrying Arvella with blood pouring from severed arteries in her neck. An ambulance was called and attempts were made to staunch the blood but she died without speaking. The Prince says his mind is a blank as to what happened but the authorities assert that he struck her with a crockery jar which broke, inflicting the fatal wounds.

Anyway, the last scion of the "Majesties" is "pau."

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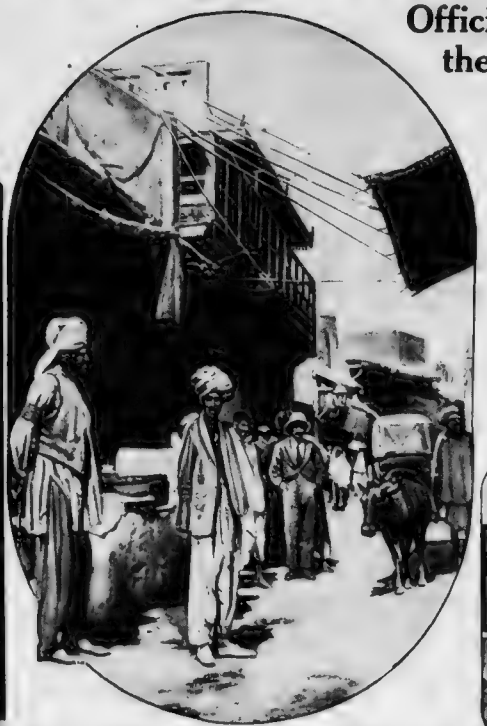
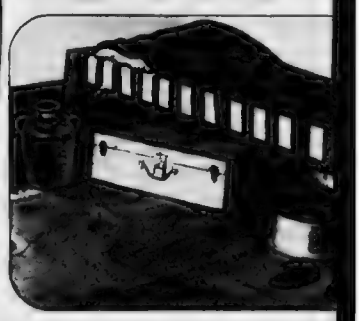
"Born Again the Year A

Official Report Upon 11-Y the Home in a Distant C In Childbirth, Recog Her "Husband" of Details None

Shanti Devi Standing Beside Her Brother Who Is Only Two Years Younger Than She, But Whom She Does Not Regard as an 11-Year-Old Girl Would, But Looks on Him with the Eyes of an Unrelated Woman of 35—Which Is the Way She Regards All Her Family and Problems of "Her Present Life."



The Street in Muttra to Which Shanti Devi Led the Investigators, Pointing Out the House with the Veranda at the Left as Her Home in Her "Previous Incarnation"—and, Says the Report, She Described in Detail Everything Within the Bose with Which the Woman Who Lived There and Died Twelve Years Ago Could Have Been Familiar.



The Corner of a Room in the Muttra House in Whic She Had Hidden Her Savings Before Her Death. According to the Investigators, Confirmed the Fac Wife Had Done So and That He Had Found the Exactly As Shanti Devi Indicated.

BELIEF in reincarnation, or rebirth in another body oldest in the world. It is not confined to the country. The brilliant Englishwoman, Mrs Ann and High Priestess of the faith in America and Euro and still are, numbered by the thousands.

These, and many others, not believers, have been despatches from India that Shanti Devi, an 11 year old Delhi who remembered her existence in Muttra of claims to pre existence as a wife and mother at the Shanti was born had been verified by a commission of

The official report of this commission has been Weekly which presents it as a first hand investigation but without comment.

Lala Deshbandhu Gupta, head of the Commission The Daily Tej, the leading newspaper of Delhi, is the leader of the National Congress Party of India fighting Britain and a close associate of Mahatma Gandhi. T. C attorneys of Delhi. All are of the highest standing and should be noted, however, that to these Hindu gent not Shanti Devi's claim that her "soul" once belonged t she remembers her former life as that woman.

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The Investigators' Report

LALA DESHBANDHU GUPTA (Managing Director, The Daily Tej), Pandit Neki Ram Sharma (well-known nationalist leader) and Mr. Tara Chand Mathur (Advocate) have issued the following report regarding their personal enquiries in the well-known case of the minor girl, Shanti Devi, who by relating certain incidents of her previous life has attracted considerable public attention in Delhi and outside it.

The case of Shanti is one of world-wide importance, with a direct bearing on the Philosophy of Life. In ordinary parlance it is called a case of re-birth and we may mention here that every possible care was taken by us to verify all the relevant data that came to our notice.

In the early years of her life, Shanti was almost silent up to the fourth year, but after that she began to say a few things which appeared to be the result of her recollections of her past life, mostly caused by association of ideas. For instance, when she was offered food, she would say:

"I used to take such and such sweets, etc., at my house at Muttra."

When her mother dressed her, she would begin to describe how she used to dress herself previously at Muttra. She would repeatedly say that she was a "Choban" by caste, and that her husband was a cloth merchant. She also gave some details regarding her house, and pointed out that the color of the building was yellow and that there were particular shops in its vicinity.

In the beginning, her parents thought that her random talks were of "childish" nature, and they paid no particular attention to them. She, however, persisted in repeating her recollections often. Her parents did not like to pursue the matter any further, hoping that she might be made to forget it all, because according to the conservative Hindu belief, a child disclosing events of the previous life did not generally survive, if the facts turned out to be true. The girl, Shanti, several times expressed her desire to visit Muttra. This was known to a number of people in her neighborhood, who came in contact with her at any time.

Until the last two years before this, the girl did not disclose the name of her husband (in her previous birth) and when asked by her parents to do so, she bashfully said that she would be able to recognise him, but never gave out his name. It is a well known custom in India that Hindu wives do not utter the name of their husbands out of sheer modesty.

One day, about a year and a half ago, Mr. Bishan Chand, a teacher in the Ramjas School No. 1, Darya Ganj, Delhi, a grand-uncle of the girl, called on her, and wanted her to tell him the name of her husband in her previous life, assuring her that if she would give out the name he would take her to Muttra. The girl then whispered into his ears that the name was "Pt. Kedar Nath Chaubey." The teacher promised to make inquiries before taking her there. Every now and then the girl asked the said teacher about the results of his inquiry, but he along with her parents put off the matter, as they did not intend to trace the whereabouts of her house in her previous life.

On the last Dushera festival, the said teacher related the incident to Lala Kishan Chand, M.A., a retired Principal, living in No. 7, Darya Ganj, Delhi, who expressed desire to meet the girl. The meeting was arranged and she gave out the address of "Kedar Nath" and the description of his house. Lala Kishan Chand took down the address, and dropped a letter to Pt. Kedar Nath.

To the surprise of Lala Kishan Chand and others, the letter fetched a reply from Chaubey Kedar Nath who wrote back that the facts stated were substantially correct. Pt. Kedar Nath further suggested in the course of his letter that a relation of his, named Pt. Kanji Mal, who was working in the firm of Messrs. Bhana Mal Gulzari Mal of Delhi, may be allowed to have an interview with the girl. From this time the case began to attract serious attention, and it was thought worthwhile to investigate the matter further. The suggested interview with Pt. Kanji Mal Chaubey was accordingly arranged; when the girl not only recognized the said Chaubey to be the younger cousin of her alleged husband, but also gave what appeared to have been very convincing replies to certain questions of a rather intimate nature.

This naturally aroused keener interest in further investigations, and Kanji Mal called his brother Kedar Nath Chaubey to Delhi, from Muttra.

Pt. Kedar Nath Chaubey came to Delhi with his ten years old son and his present wife to see Shanti Devi. At the very first sight, the girl recognised Pt. Kedar Nath as her husband. The son also attracted her attention. Their presence reacted on her in such a manner that she burst into tears, and kept sobbing heavily for about an hour. Pt. Kedar Nath was allowed to put a few questions to the girl of more intimate nature, in order to test the reliability of her recollections.

He found the replies to be quite correct and was moved to tears! It was as though his dead wife was speaking.

When questioned as to his impressions about the girl he gave out that he was fully convinced that it was the same Soul, namely that of his first wife who had died at Muttra. The girl kept looking at both Kedar Nath and the boy during this meeting, and evinced great fondness for the latter showing motherly affection. She asked her present mother to bring some toys for the boy, and was so impatient to give a treat to her "son" that without waiting for her own mother, she herself took the bunch of keys and brought out a toy and a pack of cards to give them to the boy.

When Kedar Nath and his son wished to go out of the house, the girl expressed a keen desire to accompany them. It was, therefore, thought proper to give her a drive with them and avoid any possible collapse. After the drive, she came back hand in hand with her "son," followed by her father and Kedar Nath. She felt exceedingly happy that evening. On her request, Kedar Nath and his son stayed in Delhi for two days longer, and had further opportunities to watch her movements.

On the evening of the day after, Kedar Nath and his son were to go back to Muttra. As soon as the girl came to know of their intention, she wanted to accompany them to Muttra. But her parents did not agree to it. In order to divert her attention she was taken out for a drive, and then to a cinema. The girl's insistence on a visit to Muttra not only continued, but was increased greatly after the above-mentioned meeting with her "husband" and "son." She continued repeating with confidence that if she were taken to Muttra, she would lead them to the house of her "husband."

She described the Vishrant Ghat, the temple of Dwarkadhish, and the roads and streets leading to her alleged husband's house in Muttra.

She also mentioned several times that she had kept some money hidden underground in a certain room of her house at Muttra, and that she had pledged to offer Rs. 100/- (a hundred rupees) out of the amount to the temple of Dwarkadhish. This fact she had also mentioned to Kedar Nath Chaubey when he was in Delhi.

The parents of the girl and their caste-relations who are mostly conservative, were still unwilling to take the risk of sending the girl to Muttra. We were, however, able to persuade them to agree to our proposal, and finally we left for Muttra with a party of fifteen persons, including the parents of the girl, ten days after this. We took with us a photographer for taking necessary photographs. Since the moment we entranced, the girl was kept under close observation and all her movements and remarks were carefully noted by us. We noticed signs of unusual happiness on her face as soon as she got into the train. She kept very happy throughout the three hours' journey.

As the train approached Muttra, she became flushed with joy and remarked that by the time they reached Muttra, (i.e. after 11 A.M.) the doors of the temple of Dwarkadhish would be closed. Her language was typical of that used in Muttra.

As the station drew near, she grew visibly serious and looked as if the new surroundings were reacting on her. She watched everything through the train-window very carefully, and the moment the train steamed in, she cried out "Muttra agai" "Muttra agai" (Muttra has come! Muttra has come!)

It seemed as if some information about our arrival had already reached Muttra. Some people, including a few responsible local men, were present at the railway platform. But we had already chalked out our line of procedure and had instructed all the members of the party to keep a little aloof from us, so as to allow us to go with the girl. The local people were also requested likewise, and we must acknowledge that they co-operated with us in the matter.

The first incident which attracted our attention on reaching Muttra, happened on the platform itself. The girl was in L. Deshbandhu's arms. He had hardly gone fifteen paces when an elderly man, wearing a typical Muttra dress, whom she had never met before, came in front of her, mixed in the small crowd and paused for a while. She was asked whether she could recognise him. His presence reacted so quickly on her that she at once came down from Mr. Gupta's arms and touched the stranger's feet with deep veneration and stood aside.

On inquiring, she whispered in Lala Deshbandhu's ears that the person was her 'Jeth' (elder brother of her husband).

All this was so spontaneous and natural that it left everybody stunned with surprise!

The man was "Babu Ram Chaubey" and he was really the elder brother of Kedar Nath Chaubey.

On getting out of the railway station, we took a conveyance of our own choice, rejecting the offer of local men to use their conveyances. The girl was put in the front seat and our carriage went ahead of all others. Necessary precautions were taken that no pedestrians should be allowed to lead the way. The driver was instructed to follow the route indicated only by the girl, without caring as to where he went. She led the carriage to the Holi Gate (which she used to mention as a landmark on the way to her house from the railway station) without any difficulty.

Several questions relating to the various buildings and roads that came in our way were put to her to which she replied correctly. For ex-

After She Died"

Year-Old Shanti Devi, Who "Remembered" City From Which She Was Taken to Die gnized Her "Son" and Convinced f Her Identity by Giving Him Intimate But His Wife Could Have Known

after death s one of the present but exists n every e Besant was the leader e and her followers were

great's interested in brief d nd been discovered in ases in s and that her died in 2 a year before ed investigators. aired by The American ocalled secret occurrences.

e Managing Director of In N. R. Sharma is e evidence from Great d one of the leading an successful probity It ceived the strange thing is another woman, but that

Shanti Devi Said The "Husband," That His First Money There

ample she told us that the station road was not tarred before and pointing out to the several new buildings which she said did not exist be-

Shanti Devi Whose Strange Case Has Been the Subject of Official Investigation in India.

fore She also gave us a vivid description of the Hoh Gate before we reached there

The girl continued showing the way till we reached an entrance to a lane which opened into a bazar She stopped the carriage there and pointed out the particular lane that led to her large old house Leaving the carriage behind we went into the lane Shanti still guiding the party Here we met with another surprise when she suddenly ran to an old Brahmin of about 75 years of age She called him her father-in-law and instinctively bowed to him, touching his feet in profound veneration

Her action was so spontaneous that it greatly moved everybody present on the spot

Further up, she was able to locate her house without much difficulty, although the color of the house as it stands today is not yellow. This building is now rented to some other person. She was taken into the house. Two responsible gentlemen of Muttra, interested in our inquiries, also joined us at this stage. She pointed out the room in which she used to live. To test the girl further, one of those two gentlemen put to her a rather difficult question He asked whether she could point out the Jai-Zarur of her house

To us Delhi-walas, the word Jai-Zarur was Greek and Latin, but to the utter surprise of every one present, the girl did not take a second to think, she came down the staircase of her own accord and pointed out the lavatory to the questioner, in a manner as if she was very familiar with every nook and corner of the house

To avoid the crowd and carry on further inquiries in a calmer atmosphere, we took Shanti to Dharamshala. There she recognised her "brother," now 25 years old, and her other "uncle-in-law." One thing which we particularly noticed was that all the time she felt perfectly at home in Muttra. As we spent some time in taking our lunch, the girl kept on saying that she should be taken to her other house where she had kept some money underground. We took her to that place through a circuitous route to avoid crowds as far as possible. She was all alone leading the party and later on recognised her second house also without any difficulty. According to her, this was the house where she had passed the major part of her previous life, and where Pt Kedar Nath's family still lives

The scenes that were enacted here soon after our arrival dispelled all our misgivings as to the truth of her story. She entered the house as if she were still its mistress

Asked by Pt. Neki Ram to point out the well about which she used to speak in Delhi, she ran to the small courtyard in the house and was very much perturbed not to find any well there. But she confidently asserted, pointing to a corner of the courtyard and saying "Kuan yhan tha," the well was here The girl showed great satisfaction when Pt. Kedar Nath Chaubey removed the stone covering of the well which was closed down some years ago

When questioned about her so-called treasure, she asked us to accompany her to the upper-story. This was rather puzzling, as no underground treasure could be thought of in an upper-story of a house. But she was quite confident and led us straight to her room which was locked up at that time

Chaubey was asked to open the room. It took him a few minutes to bring the keys.

The girl grew impatient and kept peeping into the room through the chinks, crying that that was her room and the money lay therein

When she entered the small room, she cast her eyes around, and put her foot in a corner, saying that the money lay hidden underneath that spot.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the Well-Known Leader of Believers in Reincarnation Here and Abroad, Who Died Not So Long Ago, Declaring That She Would Soon Be Born Again on Earth—And Who Would Have Accepted Little Shanti Devi's Story Entirely.

Shanti Devi, Says the Report, Recognized at Once, Although She Had Never Seen Him Before, the Man She Said Had Been Her Husband in Her Previous Life and, Lifting Up the Hem of His Robe, Kissed It as a Token of Wifely Devotion and Then Gave Him Descriptions of Their Life Together That None But His Dead Wife Could Know—It Was as Though That Wife, Now 12 Years Dead, Stood Again Beside Him, Whispering the Details of These Intimate Happenings Into His Ear.

money was taken out by her "husband," Pt. Kedar Nath Chaubey, after her death

When we decided to leave the house for the Jumna River, she abruptly said that her clothes for bathing should be taken from her store on the ground-floor. She left the house with a heavy heart. There was yet another surprise in store for us. It is noteworthy that while she was in Delhi, she had very little recollection of her parents (in previous life).

But strange enough when we took her to her "parents'" house, situated in a neighboring street in Muttra, she not only recognized it, but was also able to identify her old "father" and "mother" in a crowd of more than fifty persons. The girl embraced her "parents" who wept bitterly at her sight.

Now every one of us thought that it was really a blessing to forget all about our previous lives We confessed we have taken a grave responsibility on our shoulders in bringing the girl to Muttra. Chaubey Kedar Nath hesitated a bit we did not know why, but ultimately he had to yield to the girl's persistent demand

The spot was dug up, and about a foot deep under the spot, an old-fashioned "galla"—an arrangement for keeping valuables underground—was found, but there was no money. The girl would not believe that the money was not recovered She searched the loosened earth herself for a few minutes, and was very much disappointed at her not finding the money. She kept on saying, "Money is there."

Later on we learnt that the Chaubey Kedar Nath Chaubey, husband," Pt. Kedar

We had to snatch her away from her "parents," and without waiting for further inquiries had to leave the place

The girl was then taken in a carriage to the locality where the temple of Dwarkadhish stood. As soon as she saw the temple, she shouted with joy. She knelt before the temple door, as if she were in deep worship before a deity. The last thing she recognized in Muttra was the Vishrant Ghat at the sacred river Jumna, where according to her she used to bathe in her previous life. When she reached the Ghat, she insisted on drinking the river water and almost instinctively offered flowers out of the garlands that she was wearing She showed a great inclination to pass more time in those surroundings, but we could not allow this to her at that time

An open air public meeting attended by about ten thousand persons was subsequently held in the compound of a local high school where many of those who were eye-witnesses to the whole inquiry were also present. We narrated all the incidents to the audience that came into our experience regarding the girl. The people of Muttra expressed their desire that the girl should be left there for a few days more, but this could not be done for obvious reasons.

On our return journey to Delhi the same evening, the girl being tired said nothing except that she should have been allowed to stay in Muttra longer, and fell asleep.

Sworn Statement of Chaubey Kanji Mal, Cousin of Chaubey Kedar Nath:

I received a letter from my elder cousin, Chaubey Kedar Nath at Muttra, informing me that a letter was addressed to him by one Lala Kishan

(Continued on Page 21)

Mighty Like a Rose

EVER since the designing and making of women's hats became a profession, milliners have been "holding the mirror up to Nature" and getting many of their better ideas from the woods and the fields and the creatures therein.

At the turn of the century, when Milady wore "rats" in her hair—"flower garden" hats were as modish as they were high waist and cluttered with assorted phoney fruit and flowers. Such top-pieces were burdened with clusters of pseudo apple blossoms fabricated cherries, man-made bunches of grapes, all bobbing about amid sprays of brilliant green leaves fashioned of linen and wire.

Times have changed, and so have the styles in feminine headgear. But modistes still "hold the mirror up to Nature," as the photograph below so interestingly shows. In this case the milliner has not attempt to recreate a potpourri of fauna and flora but took as her inspiration a single rose.

Perhaps the originator of this hat recalled the longtime custom of Spanish senoritas and senoras of gracing their dark heads with a single rose. Possibly she or he some of our nicest chapeaux are turned out by men these days felt as many people do that the rose is the most delicate and beautiful of flowers and is the best possible model for something new in the way of millinery.

Anyway the result perched so jauntingly and becomingly on the boyish head of Miss Lucy Saunders of New York was judged an artistic success and fashion experts would not be at all surprised if "flower hats" come back to popularity on the ponderous creations of the Gay Nineties but simpler models on the order of the rose chapeau.

The designer of this hat could not resist a rather modern touch however and did not carry the imitation to the limit. The maker used robin's egg blue crepe

Seldom Has a Milliner So Frankly, and Successfully, Gone Back to Nature for an Idea, as in the Case of This Neat Chapeau That Looks Mighty Like a Rose.

"Where Did You Get That Hat?"

Wherever He Got It He Doesn't Like It Any More Than "Pop" Likes One of Those New Lids That Ma's Wearing.

Ceylon's Original "Popeye"

THE wistful, google-eyed "critter" in the photograph below is a prize that the curators of the London Zoo have been looking for a long time. It's a cousin of the chimpanzee, the gorilla, the orang-utan and all the other members of the monkey family and is listed in the natural history books as the Highland Slender Loris.

Although this breed of Loris is one of the smallest and weakest of monkeys it is one of the most difficult for hunters to bring back alive because of its remarkable agility and the fact that it normally lives concealed among the leaves of the highest trees and does most of its feeding at night.

This jungle "Popeye," recently bagged in the wilds of Ceylon, would have gone into the limbo of extinct species long since if Nature hadn't given it a pair of eyes as efficient as they are prominent. The eyes of the Loris may look frightened and wistful but they have much the same seeing power as the eyes of an owl. They work best in the dark and are not of much use in the bright light of day. Compared with this frail inhabitant of the Ceylon jungles, the bigger and more powerful breeds of monkeys are

The "Popeye-est" Inmate of the London Zoo Is This Highland Slender Loris, a Member of the Monkey Family from the Jungles of Ceylon.

"Chummy Justice" for Family Rows

BY walking six steps every morning from his imposing bench in the Domestic Relations Court to a mere informal seat behind the court rail, Judge Eugene C. Bonniwell, of Philadelphia, persuades twenty per cent more couples than formerly to kiss and make up.

In helping married folks to avoid the legal tangles of divorce, his honor hit upon a bit of psychology which he has found to be very effective. He knew that a judge perched up on a bench seems cold and aloof to the people who come before him. That is all right for criminal and civil trials, but the people with marital troubles are different. Many of them want to "open their hearts" to a friendly counselor.

Judge Bonniwell has made that possible by coming down from the bench. With increased proximity, voices are lowered, clients become more chubby and many of them he says discover that they have no real quarrel and shouldn't have come to court in the first place.

The whole trend of their talk is now changed

A Gander That Herds Sheep

FOR more than four years John, a big gray gander, has guarded a flock of sheep so efficiently that he's become "the best watchman and shepherd in Miami Valley," according to his owner, G. F. Brown, of Middletown, Ohio.

John appointed himself to the job by accident when Mr. Brown decided to sell all of his geese. A prospective purchaser came to the farm and looked the birds over appraisingly. John returned the look with interest, sensed that something was up and made himself scarce.

He was missing when the geese were taken away and he stayed missing for two days. Then Brown found him hiding among the sheep, which seemed to have placid ly adopted him.

Grateful for their protection and at the same time being nosey by nature, John took charge of the flock from then on. He ate with the sheep, ignoring the other barnyard fowl. He escorted them to and from the stable and he stood guard when they grazed.

Stray dogs and other intruders immediately started John to honking loudly as an old-fashioned flivver and if that didn't drive them away, he would round up the flock and hastily waddle off to the barn with them until the danger had passed.

With the approach of darkness John's vigilance increases and it seems to Mr. Brown that somehow he can sense the number of sheep though he cannot count of course. He stands at the stable door and coaxes them inside with honks of encouragement.

Uncle Sam's S-Men Who Spy on Seeds

SEEDS, like thieves, like to work in the dark. But their private lives, like those of the crooks, are now being delved into by special Federal sleuths. The seed detectives find that they can be a bad crowd in the company it keeps. Moreover what's good on one farm may prove corrupt on another far away because climate has an important bearing on the seed's behavior. Sometimes, like a white man in the tropics, it goes native when away from home, apparently because the character of seeds, like that of men, is frail and easily influenced. Even the purest seed the Division of Seed Investigation of the Department of Agriculture says has a touch of the weed in it which circumstances may bring out.

For example, samples of white clover from Louisiana carry a tell-tale combination of weed seed including a wild form of carrot plant, blue-eyed grass, creeping cone flower and shade betony.

Again, alfalfa seed from the irrigated parts of the Southwest always is given away by the presence of silver sheath knot weed horse pursley and sour clover.

Such local color in seed gives away the origin, so that the microscope of the scientist can trace a seed's background. This when large shipments of oats recently came from Argentina, everybody thought it was all right. They could not, with the naked eye, be distinguished from red rust proof oats of the United States, but the seed detectives exposed them and they were promptly deported as undesirables.

Newest Fashions for British Firefighters

LONDON

IT IS the blaziness of the fliers and ground-men of the Royal Air Force to man and service the great fleet of fighting planes that John Bull can put into the air in case he becomes involved in a war. But the boys of the R. A. F. have recently shown fire fighting officials all over the British Isles that they are not slouches in the matter of style.

The picture at the left was taken before the experimental parade of asbestos suits and gloves.

The costume is topped off with a helmet. In the front of the big but not-too-heavy chapeau is an oblong of specially made glass which will not melt even in the hottest fire. The helmet is big enough to provide an insulating air space between it and the fire man's head.

The tests of the latest thing in firemen's fashions were completely successful and several members of the air force walked through great patches of oil-fed flames without the slightest discomfort.

New Asbestos Fire-Fighting Suits, Lately Tested by the Men of England's Royal Air Force, Make the wearers Look Like Some Queer Creatures from Another Planet, But They Throw Out the Flame and Smoke and Possibly Will Set the Fashion for the Nation's Firemen.

Mr. Penguin Strolls a Lady

EVERY penguin in London's famous zoo has been photographed as often as many of the famous and near famous people who come to the zoo to look at the hundreds of birds and beasts housed there. But it is seldom that a cameraman is lucky enough to get a penguin picture as amusing and packed with human interest as the one at the right.

More than most such shots, this photograph shows the remarkable dignity with which these man-like creatures from the Antarctic carry themselves. This particular penguin answers to the name "Johnny" and gets genuine enjoyment in hob-nobbing with visitors to the zoo, especially pretty girls like the one holding one of his flippers.

During most of the stroll about the grounds Johnny held his black head smoothly aloft and didn't even nod to acquaintances including the keepers who take care of him.

Johnny" is one of the most popular creatures in the zoo's reptile and bird corner, where visitors are allowed to play with birds and beasts that are domesticated enough to be

Johnny, one of the Penguins at the London Zoo, In All Dignified Formality When He Goes Walking With a Lady Friend. He Has No Time for Anyone Else, Including the Cameraman.

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Put a New CHEVROLET in their stockings Christmas morning!

MAKE your whole family happy this Christmas, and make their happiness last for many months and many thousands of miles, by giving them a beautiful new 1938 Chevrolet—*the car that is complete!*

You'll be ahead in all ways with a new Chevrolet; ahead in *Modern-Mode Styling;* ahead in *Knee-Action** riding comfort; ahead in *Valve-In-Head Engine* performance; ahead in *Perfected Hydraulic Brake* safety—because Chevrolet for 1938, as you know, is the only low-priced car which brings you all these modern, up-to-date features.

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Put a new Chevrolet in their stockings Christmas morning, and you'll put real joy in their hearts, real money-saving transportation in your budget!

*Knee-Action and Shock-proof Steering on Master De Luxe models only

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*
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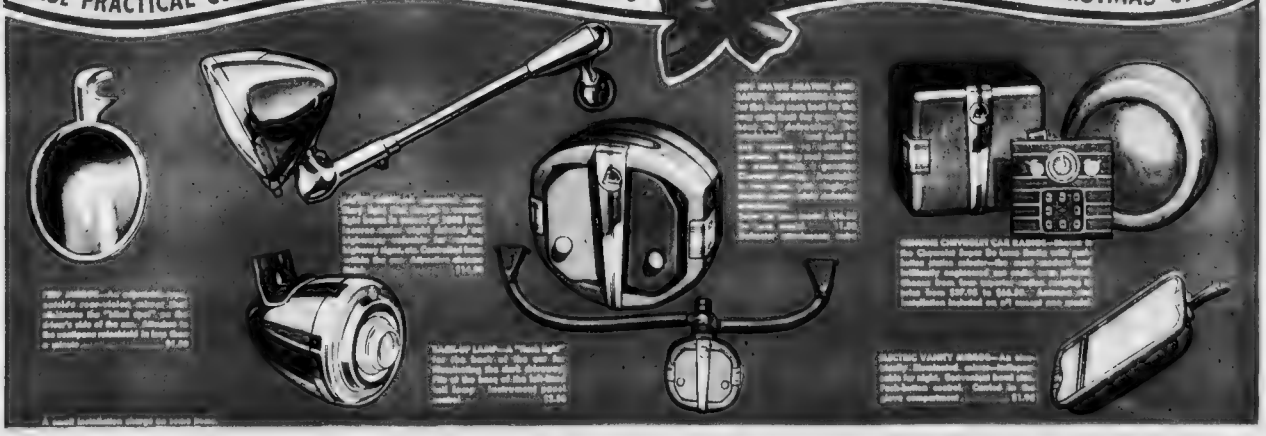
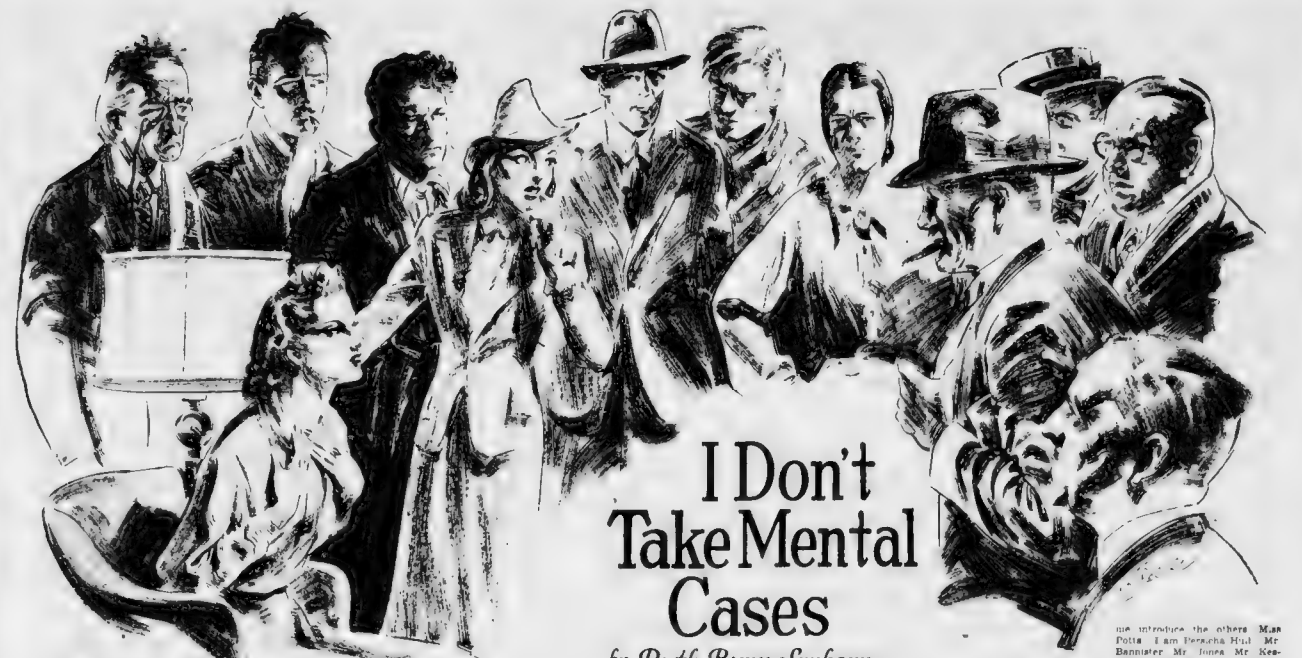
THE CAR THAT IS COMPLETE

THESE PRACTICAL CONVENIENT CHEVROLET ACCESSORIES ALSO MAKE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS!





I Don't Take Mental Cases

by Ruth Burr Sanborn

A Lonely Professor Inherits Great Wealth, Marries a Beautiful Woman, Becomes a Prisoner to Fear of Murder in His Own Home and Is Killed by a Mysterious Shot---A Thrilling New Detective Mystery Novel

The Characters.

From Left to Right, Standing

Bannister . . . College President
Kirt Patrick,
Lamar Hull's Ex-Husband
Justin Meter . . Hull's House Guest
Persicha Hull,
Lamar's and Kirt's Daughter
Daniel Larkin . Local Hotel Detective
Paul Keesing . . . House Guest
Humility Potts . Homer Hull's Nurse
Cardigan . . . Chief of Police
Gaskell . . . County Sheriff
Ausable Jones, Homer Hull's Attorney
Sitting
Lamar Hull . . Homer Hull's Wife
Dr. Reddencote . Hull's Physician

CHAPTER I.

The House on the Crest.

I DON'T take mental cases. Even a practical nurse has to draw the line somewhere. I said so right from the first to Dr. Reddencote when he first spoke of it. That is, the first time he spoke of it to me personally. I knew all about it, of course, as a matter of

Mercy, I said. You don't mean you think he really is going to be murdered, do you?

Why, I hope not, said Dr. Reddencote dryly. I only mean that there is that there may be factual basis for his conviction. He is, of course, in a highly nervous state. Psychopathic case. But at this stage it is not difficult to distinguish between real fears and imaginary terrors. That is why I felt that it would be useful to have a good competent observer in the house.

If you mean I'm curious, I said, why then I'm not. Only interested.

Quite so, Dr. Reddencote.

The way I always looked at it was this. If you've got a thing to do, you might as well take an interest in it. And I had to do something right away when Uncle Ebenezer Potts died.

No, that I'm sorry Uncle Ebenezer for, saving he put it off as long as he could, and came to live with us for the last year. And I for that matter, for leaving me without a penny after I'd been all the Pottses through and had a right to expect something better men than Uncle Ebenezer were caught by the depression.

But when he did go finally here I was high-and-dry, in Pinetree, with my Yankee tongue and my Yankee notions and my big Yankee bones and not a thing to bless myself with but twenty years of nursing Pottses. The next morning I was a practical nurse.

I nursed nine of the Pottses. It was practical all right. Grandma and Grandpa Potts and Grandpa Uncle Silenus and Second Cousin Salamanda and Cousin Seven-Times-Removed Augusta, and Abijah Potts' second wife, Trurie, and Free Potts and his half-brother Pegram, and finally Uncle Ebenezer.

Experience? Why, just nursing one Potts was more experience than most folks ever get. Training? If I haven't had more training than these snippets that go lording it round with cambric teacups on their heads, then I miss my guess. The Pottses were great trainers.

Still, I guess I'm satisfied to be a practical nurse. It gives you lots of leeway. You're not a servant and you're not a guest, and you're not a member of the family, and sometimes that is lower you mustn't get pretty well everybody.

There's nothing to loosen up the tongue as a nurse. Sooner or later they'll talk out their hearts to you.

Hearts always interested me. Did you ever kind of feel yourself inside of somebody else? If you don't have too much life of your own first you know you'll be sensing that person's actions and his thoughts same as if they were yours. I don't know, if I'd had the choice, as I'd found anything to suit me better.

"I don't say I'll take the case or I won't," I told Dr. Reddencote. "But I don't care if I go up and have a look around.

* * *

I went up that same afternoon without knowing hardly more about it than I've said. Dr. Reddencote didn't tell me much, he wanted me to look things over and draw my own conclusions. Dr. Reddencote has real good sense if he is the most fashionable doctor in the winter colony.

Of course I knew what everybody else did about Homer Hull. It was quite a romantic story and was in all the papers at the time.

Professor Homer Hull spent his life teaching archeology in a little backwater college, and when he was sixty he came into his money. The romantic part of it was how it happened.

It began twenty years back when the United States went into the war and all the boys at Sill College were enlisting, and Homer Hull wanted to enlist too only they wouldn't have him on account of his asthma.

He gave a farewell party for the boys in his classes. They were all funning, kind of high-strung and nervy, and letting it off in foolishness, and finally somebody said they ought to make their wills. Most of them left their football sweaters to their girls, and like that, but one of the graduate students, named Shirby Comb, left a dollar apiece to his seven meanest relatives, and then he had fifty-three cents over, so he made Homer Hull his residuary legatee.

It was just a joke, but they carried it right through, the way boys will, joking. They had in a lawyer, and got the wills executed and witnessed, and all that, and left them with the lawyer to put in his safe. And the next day they went off to Plattsburg.

Homer Hull never saw Comb again. But it wasn't because he was killed in France. He came back and rolled up one of those fortunes that were being rolled in 1918 and got out of the stock market a week before the crash. He was killed in an airplane wreck. The report was he died intestate and right off more relatives gathered round than poor Comb ever heard of. And then one day a little old lawyer with mothballs in his clothes came down from Sill College and brought the will with him.

I guess everybody was surprised at the way Homer Hull took it. The case dragged through the courts and he kept right on teaching and didn't pay much mind, but when he got the money instead of going into research or endowing a fellowship, he took a year's leave and went to New York.

Six months later he married Lamar Patrick. She was half his age and just divorced Kirt Patrick was her first husband. She was said to be beautiful. There was a daughter, Persicha. I always remembered her name because it was so funny. Homer Hull adopted her legally when he married Lamar. They went abroad and dropped out of the news.

Then last winter they showed up in Pinetree. At first they stayed at Pinecone Inn, which is the place to stay. But pretty soon it was given out that Homer Hull had had a nervous breakdown, and they bought a big place on the Crest and moved up there. Homer Hull built a ten-foot brick wall around it, and put iron spikes on top.

I could see the sun shining slantwise on the spikes as I came up the hill. It was quite a walk from town, with my two bags and my coat, but I can never feel right about taxis, and in my business I need to keep light on my feet.

The Crest is all laid out in circles, so you have to walk twice as far as there's any need. It was spacious all right for the season. I guess I looked kind of steamed-up when I got there. Being hot always makes my hair seem redder.

A colored housemaid opened the door and said: "Kin yo' bags ah'll tetter," and left me standing in the hall.

The house was an old southern one, and the furniture looked silly and too bright, like a dancing girl in a church. The hall ran straight through the middle from front to back, and it was darkish there because the shutters were closed against the heat in the rooms on both sides.

I stood alone in that empty hall and sniffed. And right then and there I knew that house didn't smell right. I don't mean it smelled of cooking or musty or like that. It was something fainter but definite too. I tried to tell myself it was just that practical nurses weren't used to the smell of wealth. But I guess taking care of so many Pottses kind of sharpened up my wits.

You can laugh all you want to but I tell you that house smelled of trouble.

The servant left the door open at the far end of the hall. It led to a terrace, and a square of brightness that it cut in the dark house was like a picture frame. In that frame, against sun and sky behind her, I had my first sight of Lamar Hull. She was sitting in front of a low table with tea on it and cocktails, and she turned her head slowly and looked up.

My first thought was that Lamar Hull was the most beautiful woman in the world. Afterwards, I knew that her lips were hard and her eyes were empty, but in that moment she was like an angel crowned with glory. When I say her hair was red, you mustn't think it was the same as mine. Mine is molasses-taffy red, with the same light streaks running through it, the braids are thick and so long I can sit on them, but it doesn't do up well, being too heavy for the pins, and it makes my hats ride high.

But Mrs. Hull's hair was the color they put on saints' haloes in pictures.

The house-man came halfway back and beckoned. I could see from that how he rated me. I was a white woman and worth half a hall. I wasn't the quality, and not worth a whole hall and a speech. It always tickles me the way colored servants mark off the fine shades of social standing. I straightened my crocheted collar and went out.

When I stepped onto that terrace it was like I'd stepped through it was a party. But when I counted there were only seven, and I found they were all staying in the house.

It wasn't long before I saw that Lamar Hull had called me out in front of all of them to put me in my place. She gave me that deciding look you'll give a piece of dress material that's caught your eye but you're not sure you wouldn't tire of it. I as to say she'd never seen anything but an R. N. close to, and wouldn't now if I hain't been put upon her.

I guess you'll find me practical, I said.

What is your name? she asked me.

I wouldn't have been surprised the way she spoke if she'd gone on to ask my age and my wages and the state of my teeth. I'm forty, or thereabouts if it makes any difference.

I said: "My name is Humility Potts."

A tall blond young man laughed suddenly and set down his glass. "Lord," he said "but you don't look it."

I hain't come there to discuss my disposition. "I have the name if not the nature," I said stiffly.

Realllly?" said Mrs. Hull dragging the word out by the tail. The way she stared at me got me introduce the others. Miss Potts. I am Persicha Hull. Mr. Bannister, Mr. Jones, Mr. Keesing, Mr. Meter and Mr. Patrick.

"Pleased to meet you," I said. I knew who Patrick was. And Persicha knew I knew and said a shade defiantly:

Mr. Patrick is my father. Great is I say!

And Lamar H as I am sch- A ll of course you want to hear about your patient.

I sat drinking my tea and looking round at the others while she talked. It was quite a crowd to take in all at once, but if I do say so, I have a good memory for names and faces. And the little bits I picked up then I added to later.

Persicha was dark-complected like her father but she didn't look like him nor like her mother. Lamar Hull was beautiful and Kirt Patrick was striking if not handsome. Persicha wasn't either.

But she had a kind of healthy good looks that made her pleasant to see she got 'em out of air and sun and her hair was a fine warm brown that hung to her shoulders. Her face was broad through the forehead with the eyes spaced wide under stubby lashes and she wore no make-up on her mouth so you could tell that the curve of it was real though maybe a little tight to be natural. She had a short straight nose and a round chin with a good bone under its roundness. But if there wasn't fear in Persicha Hull's face, then it was something very close to it.

I don't think Persicha liked having Patrick there and I didn't either. I'm not much for divorce. But what I say is if two people can't live peaceable together let them be divorced and done with it. I don't hold with this off again-on-again business. Homer Hull's house was no place for his wife's former husband.

All of a sudden my memory flicked back about Kirt Patrick's contesting the divorce. I was tired. I'm not Lamar.

He was as restless as a cat prowling around the terrace, filling glasses and setting them down, lighting cigarettes and throwing them away, and yet he was so graceful his feet and all his motions were so smooth, that you couldn't be sure he wasn't doing it on purpose.

I didn't like his eyes. They were too wise for his face. I didn't really like anything about him. But I will say this: he didn't try to make me like him then or ever.

The others weren't so easy to make out. Paul Keesing was the blond young man who had said I didn't look humble. Well then, neither did he. He looked as if he had always had everything he wanted, and meant to keep right on.

"I'm the villain of the piece," he said lightly. "I'm the one that's going to marry the beautiful heiress for her millions."

The open way he had of saying it was disarming, which was, of course, just what he meant it to be.

Justin Meter laughed without mirth. He wasn't a big man but well-made and strong, and the

(Continued on Page 32)

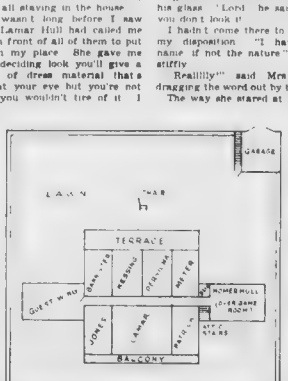


Diagram of the Scene of the Crime.

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Luxor Christmas Specials

A WHOLE PAGE OF LUXURIOUS GIFTS IN HOLIDAY DRESS · SPECIAL SELECTIONS SPECIAL WRAPPINGS · SPECIAL VALUES

HERE they are—in Christmasy trimmings! Luxor beauty aids that knowing women are adopting in preference to the most expensive cosmetics made. Not because of their modest cost, but because of what they're made of, and what they d

Luxor light-proof face powder has solved the problem of "shine Luxor *rejuvable* face cream is revolutionizing skin care. And Luxor hand cream! If you don't already know the difference between [illegible] conditioner and ordinary lotions, it will be a happy discover

Christmas allotments have all been made, the stores are showing them now. They will go fast—and there won't be any more—not in these assortments at these prices. So do plan to see them at once

Double Value

MEN!

Check off five names on your Christmas list for a five dollar bill—or less!

These luxurious but inexpensive gifts for personal use are more flattering than flowers. If she's between 16 and 60 you can't go wrong with any of these selections. Look for the Luxor display at any drug-store. But don't wait too long.

Luxor PARTY PAIR
Light-Proof Powder And Alluring Cologne
$1.65

$1.00

A BANDBOX OF BEAUTY FOR THE HANDS
1 Generous Jar of the Sensational Luxor Hand Cream in a Festive Box

LIGHT PROOF LUXOR FACE POWDER . . . AND LA RICHESSE
A Fine, Full-Bodied Perfume

● A Christmas special and very special! Luxor shine proof powder the regular full-size box, and two drams of *La Richesse*—a new, full bodied perfume of quiet emphasis. BOTH for fifty-five cents.

Most Luxor users could pay and *did* pay a dollar for powder. It was not the price, but the light-proof feature that won them to Luxor face powder. It is positively shine proof, even on an oily skin, even perspiration cannot cause it to "glaze." Luxor powder is used in moving picture work *under King lamps*—the supreme test for make-up.

BOTH 55¢

Regular users will all pounce on this double value, of course, and at least a hundred thousand others will be tempted by this offer. We have tried to provide every store with all they'll need, but we urge you not to wait until there's no time to provide more of these desirable combinations.

Luxor THREE ESSENTIALS
(FOR THE PRICE OF TWO)

The three essentials selected by Luxor [illegible]

$1.10

Luxor INTIMATE COMBINATION
AFTER THE BATH

$1.65

LUXOR'S COMPLETE COMPLEXION ENSEMBLE

For Dry Skin

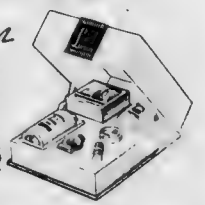
The more exacting a woman's needs, the more she will appreciate a complete complexion set. Luxor's double whipped cleansing cream is unequaled for dry skins. Luxor's Tissue Cream, blended of fine, rich oils. Luxor's light proof powder—Luxor's unbreakable precision tint rouge, and nickel blackpencil. The La Richesse perfume in purse flacon. Complete set for only $2.75

La Richesse
AN INTERESTING ODEUR AND AS SUBTLE AS ANY FRENCH PERFUME THAT IS MADE

An enticing fragrance comprising with the rest less brands. Full bodied and lingering. A drop is sufficient. Full ounce in boudoir container
$3.50

For Oily Skin

[illegible] $2.75



NEARLY ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS WILL DISPLAY THESE ATTRACTIVE LUXOR HOLIDAY OFFERINGS!...*But will not have them long!*

How They Boxed and Wrestled in the Patriarch Abraham's Day

Detail of a Roman Sculpture, Showing Use of the Caestus, or Boxing Gloves.

Types of the Caestus, or Boxing Gloves, of the Romans, Which Sometimes Were Studded With Glass and Nails and Developed from the Taped Hands of the Sumerian "Brutsers."

Bar Guard Used by Boxing Gladiators 2,500 Years Ago

Old Engraving of a Detail of an Ancient Etruscan Frieze, Which Shows One Wrestler Mauling the Face of the Other With His Foot While His Opponent Stamps Upon His Heart.

Recent Excavations in a Ruined City of the Mysterious Sumerians Show How the Prizefighters of 5,000 Years Ago Battled and That No Hold Was Barred to the "Grunt-and-Groan" Boys

A Sumerian Bas Relief of Pugilists With Their Hands Taped, the Earliest Form of the Boxing Glove, Recently Discovered in the Ruins of Ancient Khafaje, Near Bagdad.

Diagram Simplifying the Detail in the Bas-Relief Above and Supplying the Missing Parts

Curious Bust Found in the Sumerian God of Fertility's Temple Which May Be That of a Boxing Commissioner of His Day.

A 5,000 Year Old Figure Group of Wrestlers from Khafaje

WHILE digging into the ruins of a Sumerian city at Khafaje, near Bagdad, archeologists have unearthed what appears to be the earliest known ancestor of the modern boxing glove, and learned for the first time how men boxed and wrestled in the days when the Patriarch Abraham set out from the ancient Sumerian city of Ur for the Israelite nation.

The Sumerians were a mysterious race that disappeared from the face of the earth many centuries ago, leaving so little to show what sort of people they were that historians have never given them much credit for being any kind of fighters.

So the archeologists were rather surprised when they unearthed a bas-relief of two boxers and a diagram of a pair of wrestlers and fragments of many other plaques that seem to have been left behind with sporting blood, after the mortal remains had been laid away, by some long-passed-away prizefighters and their backers.

But what surprised the scientists most of all was the way those early Sumerian boxers had their hands wrapped up in bandages, much the same as present-day prizefighters and their handlers tape up before they put on their gloves. The old Greek boxers used to bandage their hands with leather thongs in a similar fashion, calling the covering a "caestus," and after them the fun-loving Romans added a number of improvements, such as metal knobs and spikes, making the caestus a murderous weapon.

But this is the first time the practice has been traced as far back as the Sumerians, so apparently the primitive form of caestus worn by their fighters was the granddaddy of all boxing gloves.

These statues were dug up by a joint expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the American Schools of Oriental Research, under the direction of Dr E. A. Speiser, professor of Semitics at the University of Pennsylvania, and the place where they were found brings up another interesting point about the Sumerians. This was in the ruins of a temple to the ancient god of fertility near the altar and according to Dr Speiser that is pretty good proof that the Sumerians didn't box or wrestle just for the sport of the thing, they didn't get much out of it, but put on their contests in honor of Tammuz, "the Lord of Fertility," and the husband of the Goddess Ishtar who was another ancient god of Venus.

No one knows just how the Sumerians got it into their heads that the best way to keep their girls from "on the job" in a good humor was by putting on wrestling and boxing matches for his benefit but maybe they figured that exhibitions of strong, skilled bodies in action would persuade him to be generous toward them, both in giving them large families and rich fields of grain, which would be needed to support those large families.

Another question which seems to have been settled at last by this discovery at Khafaje is who were the first boxers to "lead with the left." That's the first thing any young fistic aspirant hears nowadays when he starts out to become a boxer—"lead with the left." And he keeps on hearing it, dinned into his ears, until he usually gets sick and tired of it. But just let him forget it when he's in the ring, and he's liable to wake up on a trainer's table whiffing smelling salts and listening to the birdies sing.

Every good fighter knows that the best defense is a smashing attack, and nothing beats a quick, staggering lead with the left, followed up by a stunning blow from the right fist. Yet for quite a while there has been a lot of wrangling over who first thought of this.

The English have been claiming the credit ever since the eighth Marquis of Queensberry, [illegible] rules of the [illegible] but the Sumerians [illegible] years before [illegible] the Egyptians [illegible] years and were merrily leading with the left at a time when the English weren't leading with anything at all except sticks and stones.

But it isn't [illegible] that the Sumerians [illegible] Greeks and Romans in [illegible] have that many years. As can be seen in the photograph of the stone relief shown on the left part of this page one of the two Sumerian boxers in this first-class "slugging fest," probably the champion, is leading with his left, while his right fist is drawn back for what he doubtless hopes will be the knockout blow.

Apparently the Sumerians had a much more refined style of wrestling than the Etruscan "grunt-and-groan" boys, who lived in Italy before the Romans. The bronze figurine, whose photograph is on this page, shows a couple of Sumerians struggling for wrestling holds in a strikingly modern manner. But in the Etruscan frieze, in the upper right part of the page, one of the wrestlers in on his back, either delivering a chin blow with his heel or flattening out his opponent's nose with his toes. Whatever the operation was, the expression of pain on the standing figure's face has not been wiped out by twenty-five centuries. And at the same time the pushed nose party seems to be stamping on his enemy's heart—a combination of [illegible] unknown in modern [illegible].

When the Greeks first became civilized enough to take an interest in pugilism, they used their bare fists but they soon found there wasn't much fun in that. Apparently the refinements of the Sumerian ring had been forgotten and the Greeks had to begin all over again. So they started wrapping rawhide thongs over the palms, across the back of the hand, around the wrist and on up to the elbow, criss-cross fashion. This was the beginning of the caestus, and from the start the only idea was to protect the hand. What happened to the other fellow did not matter.

Later on they began to wear a sort of woolen mitten, with the fingers missing, and the rawhide thongs wrapped on top of it. This was probably the first glove that looked much like a glove.

Every [illegible] there was a big funeral the Greeks [illegible] wrestling, boxing matches and [illegible] sports part of their Olympic games.

One of the early world champs was a Greek farmer boy named Creugas. One day [illegible] with a ploughshare that [illegible] being his favorite [illegible] away he [illegible] There was only one [illegible] that a real champion [illegible] fists. In his first [illegible] Creugas [illegible] the stiff [illegible] shoulder. "Let him have it like you did the ploughshare and pepped up by this encouraging [illegible] Creugas [illegible] it and stowed out his opponent.

[illegible] longer to speak of the [illegible] and [illegible] because the celebrated [illegible] put this [illegible] a [illegible] the champion's [illegible] Hadrian which is equal [illegible]

The first famous fight described [illegible] poet Homer who was [illegible] writer, the purse for the winner was a young jackass in good condition and the loser got a two-handled cup [illegible] purpose for which was not revealed.

Another early sports writer was Theocritus who tells about a fight between Eudox and a big, bully named Amycus the Bebrycian. It seems that Eudox [illegible] Argonauts [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] hoping they'd [illegible] for the [illegible] beach [illegible] and [illegible] on the [illegible] near a place where Amycus was the head man. Pollux asked him for a drink of water but there was nothing hospitable about Amycus, who replied he would have to fight for it.

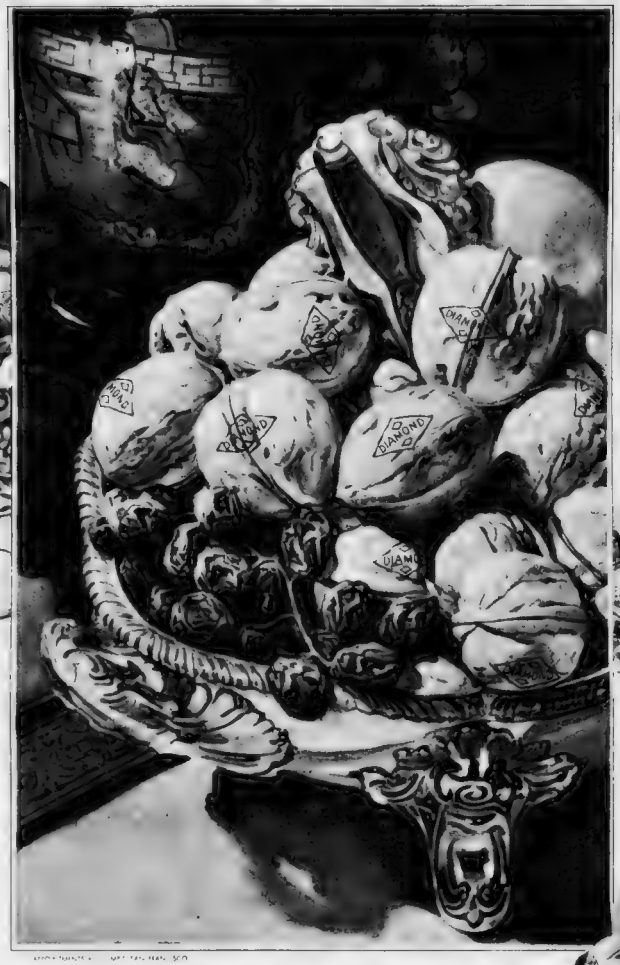
Fiercely they struggled to see whose back lay to the sun" says Theocritus, but Pollux out-smarted the bully and jockeyed himself into the best position. Then he pummeled Amycus until his "ears were torn by the blows." That got the Bebrycian rattled and he made the sad mistake of charging into Pollux with his head down. Thus he lost the advantage he had from being the taller, and added the weight of his body to the blow Pollux promptly landed on his exposed chin. That ended the fight, and the Argonauts celebrated by filling the [illegible] with cool spring water.

The fighters in these days [illegible] the [illegible] heads, arms [illegible] their [illegible] the [illegible] behind the blow. Instead they [illegible] with feet wide apart [illegible] other with [illegible] blows [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] fighters.

The [illegible] knockout [illegible] knockout [illegible] several plans of [illegible] but [illegible] out for the figure [illegible]

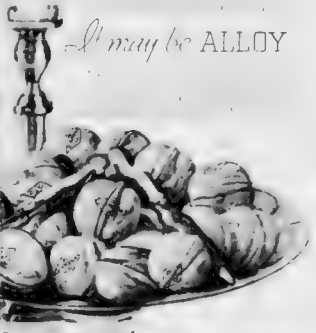
[illegible] Boxing [illegible] back-hand [illegible] Pollux [illegible] Amycus [illegible] Pollux [illegible] fight [illegible] champion [illegible] Pollux [illegible] Amycus [illegible] Pollux [illegible] Amycus [illegible] Pollux [illegible] Amycus

THE New VOGUE a Walnut Bowl ON YOUR TABLE



It may be GLASS

It may be SILVER



It may be ALLOY

It may be POTTERY

IT'S SMART – the season's new style note [illegible]

IT'S SOCIAL – [illegible]

IT'S SENSIBLE – [illegible]

Folks WHO ARE ALWAYS IN THE FOREFRONT of fashion—folks who "keep up with things"—they'll tell you. So will your gift shop, your jeweler and your department store.

It has come with a rush—this New Vogue—a Walnut Bowl on your table! And it's bound to stay—because it's every bit as sensible as it is modish.

What could look more homey and inviting? Yet, at the same time, more decorative than a brilliant bowl heaped high with Walnuts? It bespeaks hospitality—and plenty. And an eye to real values—in art and in food. A gay all-day ornament for table or buffet—a festive note for mealtime.

Yes, and your doctor and dietitian will approve of this idea—most heartily. Daughter's cooking teacher, too. And son's athletic coach. They may not be interested in style—but they do know that Walnuts assure a tasty source of bone-, body- and energy-building elements—whether you measure them in proteins, minerals, vitamins or calories.

And you, as purveyor to the family's appetites—you will welcome that bowl of Walnuts—always within ready reach when you are touching up a salad or a pudding, or putting the soul of flavor into a cake or a meatless loaf.

"Diamonds" glorify the Vogue

But, of course, the *kind* of Walnuts in the bowl—that's just as important as the beauty of the bowl itself. And there's where your grocer gets in his word. He knows—and he'll tell you—that your Walnut Bowl should be filled with Diamond Walnuts—because every nut displays its brand of quality as proudly as your finest bowl wears its hallmark.

And with "Diamonds" now selling at the lowest prices in 22 years, you'll be enjoying a double economy if you buy them *in the shell*—ready to fill the Walnut Bowl or to use in all kinds of tempting made-up dishes. They cost less that way—and you crack as many as you need—*when* you need them. The "Diamond" on the shell promises you plump, crisp kernels inside—always fresh—full of flavor, full of nourishment—the pick of the crop.

Your jeweler, gift shop, or department store can help you select the right bowl for your table or your gift. Your grocer will show you why it pays to heap the bowl with "Diamonds."

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California

Now DIAMOND WALNUTS *lowest prices in 22 years*

[illegible]

J D T M C R B S

(Continued from Page 18)

was he snapped his whip against his boot was like snapping his fingers in Kessing's face. You see he had been riding with Persicha because he was the only other one in riding clothes.

"Just hear of Lamar Hull?" he asked. "He's a lawyer. Lives in Texas."

I don't know why I didn't believe it because it turned out afterwards to be true.

The other two men were older and it was funny because they looked so exactly what they were. Mr. Bannister was president of Sill College, and he was like a faded piece of parchment, written all over in a little crabbed hand too fine to read. He wore nipper glasses on a black ribbon and they kept falling off.

Mr. Annable Jones was Homer Hull's attorney. He was like a portly, well-bound law book, full of fine legal phrases that would need a lot of unpicking before you could be sure what they meant. He had one of those perfect court-room faces that every expression slides off from like butter. There was something careful about everything he did in his motions and his speech and the way he looked at Lamar Hull.

Too careful maybe.

Lamar Hull was talking, and all at once there was something harried and urgent in his air. She poured cream into a bowl of her best china and passed it to me. She poured cream into a bowl of her best china and passed it to me.

I think I ought to tell you," she said. Mr. Hull asked me after I came upstairs if what I knew about Cherry was known to anybody else. He thinks he is going to be tried for murder!"

I set down the cream jug with a bang. I felt as if I had been struck in the face. I remember that I got up from the table and left the room.

Who by," I said.

My manner seemed to put her on her mettle. Up to now she had been nice. I was a new addition. The most proper thing to do. But of course when I said that it seemed to

I wasn't sure my friends would like it.

Annabelle Jones, who never talked faster and faster as if there were a limit to his breath. His words were like hot pellets. He spat them out.

You mean I am to say that he thinks you are going to murder him?"

Mrs. Persicha repeated. "You see, Lamar, it is. Why should anyone want to murder you?"

I don't know. I said. Why should I?

I think now that was a mistake. But they got under my skin the whole of them.

They all jeered at me, then. It struck me that they had it on a little thicker than they needed to, about how Mr. Hull had been failing for some time, and was never the same after he had pneumonia.

His money went to his head," said Kirt Patrick. "That's the long and short of it."

He'll think you're going to murder him too," Kessing said. "Cobb's Tavern, 1918. The same boat with Pearl."

A valuable book, considered more desirable than the others.

You will understand," he said, "that a notable change took place in Mr. Hull's circumstances when he was already well advanced in life. He had been accustomed to very little; he found himself with a great deal. Briefly, he became obsessed by his money. He grew to believe that everybody had designs on it. From that it was only a step to believing that everybody had designs on him. The case is regrettable, but not unnatural."

His smooth tone disposed of it. And Persicha said, in a small still voice of horror, "He's afraid."

I stood up then so they would look at me instead of at Persicha.

You coming up?" I asked Mrs. Hull.

Cherry will show you the way," she said.

Homer Hull Wouldn't Eat Anything Only Out of Cans. He Wouldn't Taste Till I Had Tasted, Too

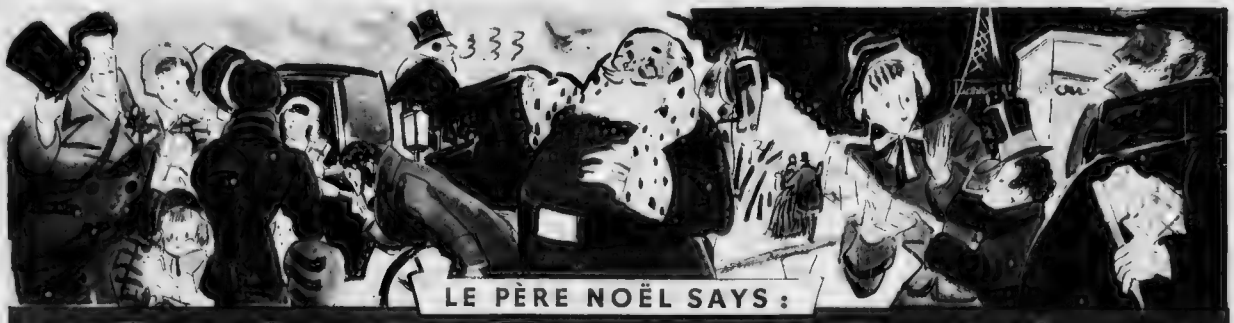
CHAPTER II.

Fear.

CHERRY was one of those chin-uppity yellow girls with hair like black wires [illegible] straightened. She [illegible] face pants in front of me up the stairs and along the corridor but when she had opened out the door she whisked around to left me. I could tell she was furious as well as she was afraid of me.

There was a [illegible] knock and after a [illegible] I knocked again. Presently Fern Lodge [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible]

I don't know what I expected, exactly. It wasn't what I found. Outside it wasn't even dusk, but [illegible] Cherry was [illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible] I



LE PÈRE NOËL SAYS:

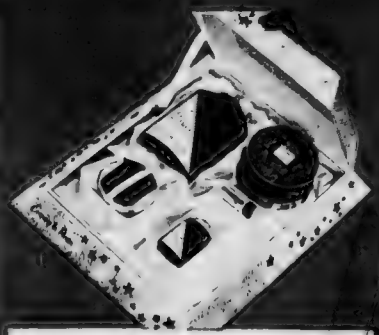
"Every Lady likes Beauty with a French Accent"

Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Lipstick and Single Loose Powder Vanity in a luxurious silvery box . . . A truly luxurious gift **$7.75**

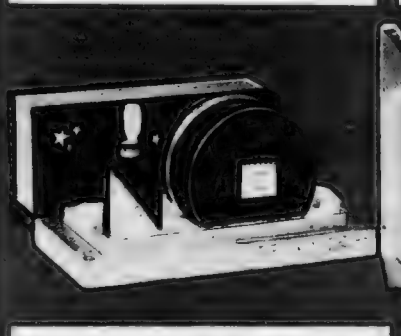
"IT ASTOUNDS ONE!" says le Pere Noel, the Santa Claus of France, "How the men of America are so at a loss in the buying of the gifts for ladies. Not so in Paris! We Frenchmen understand better! We know that the ladies want most the gifts that make them most beautiful . . . So we give to them sets of Evening in Paris, the Beauty aids best loved by the loveliest ladies of my own Paris."

. . . Good advice to American gentlemen from the first gentleman of France (at Christmas time) . . . You'll save hours of Christmas shopping time by giving all the ladies on your list Evening in Paris Christmas Sets. You can buy them *all at one time, at one counter* . . . And 31 different sets, priced from $1.10 to $25.00, give you a wide selection.

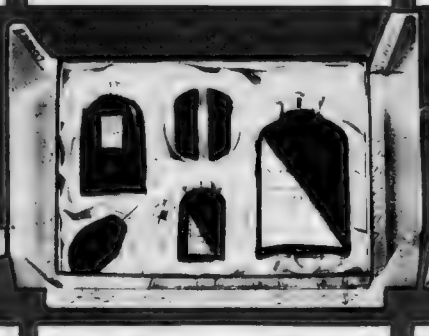
At your favorite Drug or Department Store



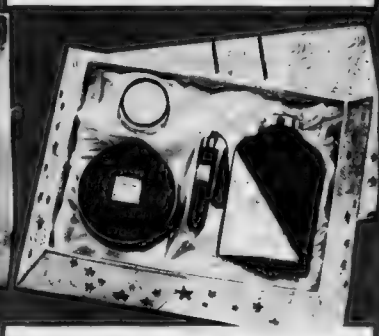
How her eyes will light up when she sees the blue and silver finished box to find Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Powder Vanity and Lipstick! **$3.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder are things every woman wants. Dress them truly Parisian charm. The stunning box has a silvery frieze across the top, is decorated with stars. **$2.25**



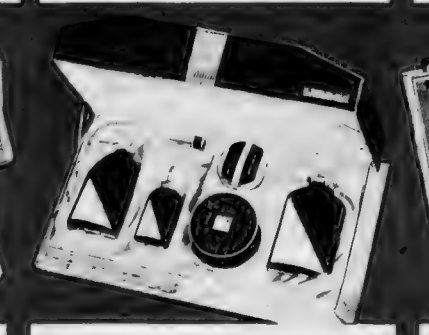
Evening in Paris Perfume in a handsome bottle with its own efficient and durable atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum Powder and Single Loose Powder Vanity. **$4.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume in the popular goodlooking Underpaid purse theme, in a set with Face Powder, Talcum Powder and Rouge. In a gorgeous silvery box bedecked with stars. **$2.95**

Evening in Paris Perfume in the beautiful Cut Glass pedestal bottle . . . **$2.00**

Evening in Paris Vanities . . . Several smart new designs. Double and single styles. . . . From **$1.25 to $3.50**



Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Powder Vanity and Lipstick in satin lined chest. The perfect gift for the first lady of your heart! **$10.00**

Evening in Paris Perfume in Christmas box with gay Paris scenes **$1.10**

Evening in Paris Perfume in Bottle with its own atomizer **$1.75**

Evening in Paris BOURJOIS

Born Again the Year After She Died

The Investigators' Report

(Continued from Double Page)

Chand, a retired Principal in Delhi, who made certain inquiries about a girl, Shanti Devi, the daughter of B Rang Bahadur Mathur of Mohalla Cheerakhana Delhi. The letter further stated that the girl narrated an account of her previous life and of our house in Muttra. The account ran as follows.

"In my previous life, I was Chaubay by caste, and my husband was Chaubey Kedar Nath of Muttra. He had a shop of piece-goods near Dwarkadhish Temple, and the color of my house was yellow.

Kedar Nath also wrote to me the facts regarding his name, his shop of piece-goods and caste were true and that he had written to I Kishan Chand, retired Principal, to see me. The Principal came to see me and inquired of me all the facts which were written by Kedar Nath. I corroborated them and expressed to him my desire to interview the girl. The Principal very kindly arranged an interview. I interviewed the girl in the presence of the Principal and several other gentlemen, and the following is the conversation that took place between the girl and myself.

I. Do you recognize me?

Shanti Devi Yes.

I. What is my name?

Shanti Devi. I do not remember that.

I. Then how do you recognize me?

Shanti Devi. You are the younger cousin of my husband.

I. How do you know that, when you cannot tell my name?

Shanti. Devi. I have recognized you by your features.

I. What was the name of your husband?

Shanti Devi. Chaubey Kedar Nath.

I. How many brothers had your husband?

Shanti Devi. My husband had only one brother.

I. Had your husband an elder or younger brother?

Shanti Devi. He had an elder brother.

I. Was Kedar Nath's father then living?

Shanti Devi. Yes he was alive.

I. Could you recognize him?

Shanti Devi. Yes.

I. Where was your house situated in Muttra?

Shanti Devi. It was situated in Chaubey St.

I. Give me some other particulars regarding the situation of your house.

Shanti Devi. There was a grocery shop in front of my house.

I. Did you ever lend money to anybody in your previous life?

Shanti Devi. This I do not remember, but, of course, I treasured some money underneath the ground in my house.

I. How much money did you treasure and in what place of the house?

Shanti Devi. About Rs 150/- in a room in the upper-story of my house.

I. Can you point out that place?

Shanti Devi. Yes!

I. How many children were born to you in your previous life?

Shanti Devi. I gave birth to two children, one son and one daughter.

I. Where and how did your death take place?

Shanti Devi. This I do not remember.

I. Were your parents present at the time of your death?

Shanti Devi. Yes, they were all present.

I. Why did you treasure the money underneath the ground?

Shanti Devi. Because I was anxious to make an offering of this money to my Deity at Dwarkadhish temple.

I. Why were you anxious to offer this money to the Deity?

Shanti Devi. For the good of my son.

I. If you were left alone at the Muttra Railway Station, could you go and find your house unaided?

Shanti Devi. Though my house is situated far away from the Railway Station, yet I could reach it all alone.

I. Would you like to go to Muttra?

Shanti Devi. Yes, please take me with you to Muttra.

I. What ornaments did you wear then?

Shanti Devi. Heavy 'Churevs' or wood especially used for leg bangles in Muttra) on my legs.

I. What other ornaments did you wear?

Shanti Devi. An ornament on the forehead, bangles on the arms and a necklace.

After this conversation I was convinced that the girl was really my own relation, now personating in another body. I gave her to understand that I would take her back to Muttra, but when I was leaving her, she followed me and inquired if her "son" was doing well. I replied in the affirmative.

I. Would you like to see your son"?

Shanti Devi. Yes, of course.

After some three or four days I went to Muttra and had a talk with my cousin Chaubey Kedar Nath about this strange affair. As a result of the conversation Chaubey Kedar Nath, along with his present wife and his son, Nit Lal, born of his previous wife upon Shanti Devi) came to Delhi. The next day I led them all to Shanti's house. At that time Shanti had gone to school, but her father, B Rang Bahadur Mathur was present, and I informed him that the elder brother of Chaubey Kedar Nath had come to interview the girl.

I purposely concealed the name of Chaubey Kedar Nath in order to find out whether the girl could recognize him or not. B Rang Bahadur fetched the girl from the school. Meanwhile a crowd of other people gathered around her.

I asked her if she could recognize the gentleman whom I had brought in her presence. She lowered her head in modesty, and was quiet for a while. On my persuading her not to feel shy and give out the name of the gentleman, she said in a low voice that the gentleman was her husband.

Further I asked her, how did she recognize him. She said that she could recognize him by his appearance. On hearing this I asked her to sit near Kedar Nath. Meanwhile, the ladies in the house, who were there, questioned her further about the gentleman, near whom she was sitting. Once more she turned her face in modesty (as Hindu wives generally do) and said that the gentleman was her husband. She then knelt and lifting the hem of his robe, kissed it as a token of wifely devotion.

The ladies further made certain inquiries from Kedar Nath regarding his habits about which the girl had often talked to them. His replies satisfied them in the matter of those inquiries. Shanti Devi evinced great affection towards the boy Nit Lal born of her by her previous life, as she brought out some toys and gave them to him.

When we were about to leave her house Shanti Devi was moved to tears and was not willing to allow us to depart. The whole situation became tense with emotion, and all the ladies and gentlemen present there were visibly moved at the sight of Shanti Devi's restlessness. She was consequently removed from there and sent along with other ladies inside the house, where she was consoled and pacified. Later on she was taken out for a drive along with myself, Kedar Nath and her other relations. On our return, when Kedar Nath was about to leave her near the shop in which I work, she again insisted on his accompanying her to her house. He visited her again in the evening when she gave him further descriptions of their life together that none but his dead wife could know.

On the next day, Kedar Nath and his party left for Muttra.

Dates in the "Two Lives" of Shanti Devi.

1. **The date of her birth (in her previous life)...18 Jan., 1902**
2. **Her name .....Lugdi**
3. **The date of her new birth, 25th Sept., 1935**
4. **The date—cause—of her death, 4th Oct., 1925 at 10 A.M., from complications following child birth.**
5. **The place where she died, Lady Lyall Hospital, Agra**
6. **The name of the Doctor, who was then in charge of the hospital .....Lady Webb**
7. **The date of her birth (in her present life) ..12th Oct., 1926**
8. **The name and address of her father, B. Rang Bahadur Mathur of Mohalla Cheerakhana, Delhi.**

No Pyroil doesn't free cars frozen hub deep in snow and ice. But it does free cold gripped engines so that they start easily! Gives your battery a chance!

Pyroil's different kind of film STAYS ON cold bearings, pistons, cylinders even when regular lubricants DRAIN OFF. Always slippery, fluid, ready to act instantly!

Only a few ounces at a time are needed added to gas tank and crankcase. Ask your service station salesman for Pyroil Manufactured and Guaranteed by Pyroil Company, W. V. Ridder, Founder, 532 LaFollette Ave., LaCrosse, Wis., U S A

I Died To Marry

(Continued from Page 22)

ing up names. It kept him pacified and he seemed quite reasonable. And then right out of a clear sky he said the word "King of all."

Do you think Pyroil would kill me?"

I don't know. I never sought set against the use of Pyroil. Secure with your dealer with the Stamp of Approval. My car is Pyroiled. Persha

Now he says he's she would n't hurt a fly. The question is would she hurt "it"?

I met it my born days put in such a night. For one thing, it was hot. Monty nights in Pune tree are comfortable, even in the summer but take it a city about every year there'll be two or three hot ones. This night had to be one of them. In that sealed-up room with all those lights going and every breath shut out. I was one a hot stew when you first lit up the room.

Homer Hull was [illegible] but I got him fixed propped up so he could see with a mirror and by my nose and the rest of me up. He like those he got into the words he said, but I soon had him down out of there. But the next time I found him on his knees in front of a window, peeking under the shade, and that time I could n't [illegible] him.

I was a shaken [illegible]. Doctor [illegible] was a shock. It was the shock of [illegible] thing. Nothing [illegible] shadow [illegible] was [illegible] a shadow.

When [illegible] he [illegible] up the shades and [illegible] same in, and I thought it would be better. Aye, the best Doc, he said he was going out hours I was surprised, because I didn't suppose he ever left his room. But seems he did sometimes early like that.

This room has shadows in it," he kept saying. "I don't like shadows.

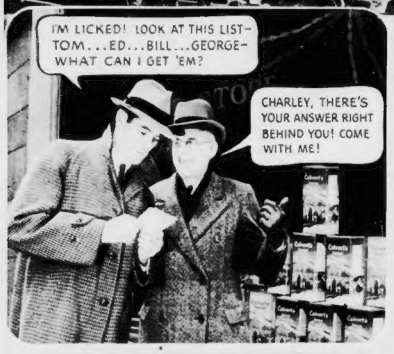
I took a pillow, and a steamer rug. He was all awaked up. He went right behind me and it was [illegible] going. I can tell you [illegible] corridor with [illegible] that I didn't [illegible] went [illegible] at us and Homer Hull [illegible] hand clutching the back of my head.

The [illegible] lower hall struck five and made me jump. The house smelled strong that morning.

Mr Hull handed me a key on a big bunch he carried, and I opened up the door to the terrace. The morning was clean and good against my face. It was the time when you can look right into the heart of the new day and inside it was all soft bright colors like a pearl shell.

I hadn't noticed the grounds much when I was there the day before. I found by noticing the pestle [illegible] was stood on one of the [illegible] smells characteristic [illegible] ity and before [illegible] big man pulled [illegible] brick wall set with the [illegible] spikes.

It was a [illegible] man and must have cost a [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] the [illegible] but [illegible] to be a [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



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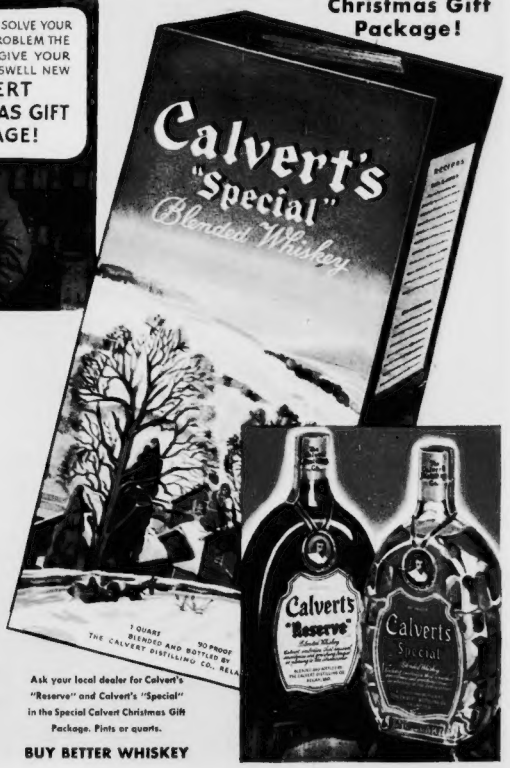

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I Don't Take Mental Cases

by Ruth Burr Sanborn

(Continued from Page 24)

married Hull to balance the budget. Well—it's balanced now. I only know what I see. But everybody can see that balcony. All the rooms on the other side open onto it."

"I don't think that's a very pretty thing to say," I told him firmly.

And he laughed, without sounding amused, as if my words were funny, but not their meaning. "It isn't a pretty situation, you know."

I could see that, all right. I said, very off-hand: "Mr Kessing seems interested in Miss Persicha."

"Persicha," said Justin Meter, "will have a fortune some day. Hull's mistake is in keeping her short now." He added, as if afraid he had said too much: "To tell you the truth, I don't think Kessing's got the guts for violence."

"Maybe you have," I suggested in a perfectly nice way. "For that matter, it would be as much to your advantage as his to have Mr Hull gone."

"More, perhaps," he said with engaging frankness. "And for that matter, Ausable Jones is a crooked legal stick, and Bannister is an academic fanatic. You can take your choice. I told you I couldn't help you much."

"You have helped me," I assured him. "But Miss Persicha is the only one I can be sure of."

"Absolutely," he said at once.

I don't know why it was, but afterwards I had the feeling that he'd tried to turn me against Kessing by not saying too much, and that Persicha was the one he worried about. "Maybe I've just got the wind up," he admitted. "But you're new here, and I thought you ought to be warned. If anything did happen, I'd have felt like the devil if I hadn't put you on your guard."

It was decent of him, and I said so. But our talk didn't make me any easier. "You think it's all right for Mr. Hull to be down there on the lawn, don't you?" I said nervously. "He didn't want me with him."

"I don't see why not." Meter said reasonably. "He seems quiet. And nobody could get near him without your knowledge."

It was just then that Homer Hull straightened out his legs. He'd had his knees cocked up ever since he jumped so when the fire alarm blew, but now he settled himself more comfortable. I was glad to see that, because it showed he was really resting. I'd had it in my mind to go down, just to make sure he was all right, but when I saw him stirring round I decided to wait a little. It was a pity to disturb him after the terrible night he'd had.

I'd forgotten about the fire, but, remembering the alarm, called it up. "I wonder where it was," I said.

"I didn't think much about it," Meter confessed. "I had this other on my mind. It couldn't have amounted to much, or there'd be more commotion."

We walked together down to the end of the terrace, so we could look past the corner of the house where the wing jutted out. Beyond the wall the woods hid the view, but there wasn't any noise or excitement. Meter stood with his hands in his pockets and his back to Homer Hull, and I was facing him, so I could see Hull all the time over his shoulder.

"I guess the apparatus has gone home," he said. And added, without changing his tone: "Did he tell you about the accident?"

"What accident?"

"The plaster fell when he was in his bath." Meter said slowly. "If he hadn't just leaned forward for the soap, it would have taken him square on the head."

My voice sounded small. "Who has the room over his?"

"There isn't any room over his." Meter said. "Only an open garret. There's a storage tank up there. They say it sprung a leak. Perhaps it did; the plumbing's terrible. But you can't help wondering."

"When was this?"

"Friday. I wasn't here, myself. But Persicha told me, when we were riding yesterday. The poor kid was all worked up. Of course, I made light of it to her. But I'm not so sure. Anyhow, I thought you'd better know."

And all at once I wished he hadn't told me, because I had the strangest feeling that we had been overheard. Somewhere inside the house a door slammed. I looked quickly over my shoulder. But it was all quiet again. The sun against the windows gilded the secrets behind them.

I glanced at my watch. "You know," I said, "I think I'll take him in before folks begin to get up."

"It might be wise," Meter agreed gravely.

He went back into the house to get dressed, and I went down across the beautiful scarlet lawn to Homer Hull. He was still resting quietly, with his arms at his sides and his head tipped back a little on the pillow. I had never seen him before with a peaceful look on his face.

Then suddenly I was running. Homer Hull's eyes were wide open, and they didn't look right. I put out my hand and touched him.

Homer Hull.

I called Dr. Reddencote from the telephone in the hall.

"It wasn't a mental case," I said. "Homer Hull has been murdered."

CHAPTER III.
Round Up.

IT wasn't more'n ten minutes after I called before Dr Reddencote was there. I took Homer Hull's keys and went down to the front gate and let him in. Dr. Reddencote always slept with a telephone beside his bed, and you could get him any time of night as quick as if he needed the practice.

That was one of the things I liked about him. He was a big quiet man, with thick hair premature white, and fine, wise hands. He wasn't the sort you would expect to find in a rich winter colony; he took other people's suffering too hard; when he lost a case it tore him all to pieces. But most folks didn't realize that, because he was an elegant dresser.

He came that morning in a tan-colored suit, and a shirt just barely cream, and a tie with the least touch of orange and he looked as if he'd spent two hours on his toilet. But his eyes were grave.

I waited for him beside the body. It wasn't very pleasant. Nobody who had seen Homer Hull could regret his being set free from his fear. But it's bad enough to lose a case in the ordinary way, and to have one murdered right under your nose is a sight worse.

The New Hampshire Pottses don't show their feelings much. I presume I looked "calm enough. It wasn't till my jaw came on so lame the day after that I realized how tight I'd had my teeth set together.

"I guess it was my fault," I said.

"Not necessarily," said Dr. Reddencote in that quiet way he has. "As well say it was mine for bringing you here. Quite possibly your presence precipitated this. But neither of us could have foreseen it."

"Did you know about the plaster falling?" I asked him.

And when I told him: "No," he said. "I wish I had. I could have been sure then. But I wasn't sure soon enough." He went on with his examination as quiet as could be, but I saw a muscle tighten in his cheek. It didn't take him long.

Homer Hull had been shot through the head. Anybody could see that.

"How long since the shot was fired?" he asked.

"I don't know," I told him. That was what upset me so. "I didn't hear any shot."

Nobody ever knew how bright Dr. Reddencote's eyes were till they looked right into yours. They held mine an instant and let them go. If Dr. Reddencote trusted you, he trusted you completely; if not, you didn't work for him—that was all. "I telephoned the Chief before I came," he said. "That's his car now."

Cardigan was the chief of police and the whole department besides. There wasn't much crime in Pinetree. In the summer it is just a little southern town, and though in winter the tourists send the population booming, it doesn't have gangs and things like in a city. There'd be just a few speeding cases and operating under the influence, mostly hushed up before they came into court, and maybe a pickpocket at the races and the Saturday night cuttings in Darktown. The rest of the time all Chief Cardigan had to do was to set up the SLOW sign in front of the schoolhouse twice a day.

He took his duties seriously, though, and always stood on the station platform when the trains came in. He had an important stomach, with two important arms locked round it, and quite a lot of natural dignity, though some said not much else. He came rolling across the lawn as pleased as could be with his first murder.

"Shot, huh?" he said. "Who shot him?"

That showed about how much help he was going to be. But he'd had the wit to notify the County Sheriff, and a little later he got along with a couple of deputies, and brought the coroner and the medical examiner from the county seat. And Dr. Reddencote had called the Pinecone Inn and asked Dan'l Firkin to come up.

Dan'l Firkin was the house detective. After the regular season was over there'd usually be a convention or two, and the Pinecone was still open. Dan'l Firkin always interested me. He was 27 and had retired because of old age.

That's what he said. And it wasn't all a joke either. Dan'l Firkin had been a prize-fighter, and one time there were bets on him for the title. Then, right at the top of his career, he gave it up. Said there was no future in fighting, and not much present.

I'd never thought of it like that, but it's so all the age when most men are getting established, a prize-fighter is through.

I don't believe anybody guessed another reason. But I kind of worked it out from little things he said. The trouble was, Dan'l Firkin had imagination, when he was beating, he'd get so imagining how the other fellow felt. The nearest he ever came to letting it out was when he said he went into detecting because he'd rather punish men than let some one murder.

Of course, I always figured there was a girl in it, too. Maybe she wanted him to give up before his looks were spoiled. He was fine-looking, big and tall, and it was beautiful to watch him move, like water flowing. The only scar he had was under his chin and right up over the point; the way it was put in crooked gave him the look of a humorous and slightly rowdy minor prophet.

I got to know him real well one time when I had a patient at the Pinecone. I liked him, too. I was glad when I saw him coming.

He asked right off: "Anybody else up?"

"Mr. Meter," I told him. "He's been out with me a while on the terrace."

"He was with you all the time?"

"Yes."

"And you're sure there's nobody else stirring?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "I haven't seen anybody else." And I remembered that queer feeling I'd had of being overheard and I told him that.

"Better rout them out, hadn't we, Chief," Dan'l said, "before they have too much time?"

They went off together, and I stayed with Dr. Reddencote till the sheriff came with his men. After he'd looked things over, he left the coroner and the medical examiner with Homer Hull, and posted a deputy front and back to make sure that nobody left the grounds; we went on up to the house and waited in the library.

The library was on the front, and the shutters were still closed the way they'd been yesterday. I opened them up and let in the sun. The room jumped out at me then.

It was paneled in white, with a thick black carpet and rows of unread-looking books in handsome bindings and waxed-off leather arm-chairs, red-and-white. Meter came first, with Ausable Jones looking prudent and incurious in a purple bathrobe, and pretty soon the others straggled in. There hadn't any of them been told what had happened.

Most of them had on their night-clothes, and appeared cross and bothered. But Lamar had stopped to do her hair and paint her mouth; she had on a white silk negligee that gave you a pretty good idea how shapely she'd be without it; it had a red cord round the waist, and she selected one of the red armchairs and stuck a cigarette in a long red holder.

I caught my breath. But it wasn't at the picture Lamar made, with the light from the window shining down on her. Persicha was coming in the door. And Persicha was completely dressed, in a light blue traveling suit and shirtwaist and dark shoes, and she looked as if she had been up for hours.

Afterwards, Dan'l Firkin told me how they'd found them. On the second floor the corridor ran the other way of the house, crosswise, with the stairs coming up in the middle. At each end the main corridor was extended to the wings, at the right were a lavatory and the attic stairs and the entrance to Homer Hull's apartment; at the left, the service stairs and linen closets and guest rooms.

The present guests, however, were all lodged in the main house. Kirt Patrick and Lamar and Ausable Jones on the front, with long windows opening on the balcony, and Bannister and Kessing and Persicha and Meter on the back, overlooking the terrace and the lawn. Dan'l and the Chief opened up the doors without knocking.

Dan'l had found Ausable Jones sleeping composedly, but he woke at once when Dan'l spoke. What he said was all right, but of course it would have been: "Don't tell me that Mr. Hull wants to draw another will at this hour."

When Dan'l came to Lamar Hull's door it was locked, but he thought he could hear a rustling inside. He ran along the hall to Kirt Patrick's, and that was locked, too. He didn't wait. He put his shoulder against it and went in.

Kirt Patrick was in bed and so sound-asleep that even the noise of the lock breaking didn't rouse him.

But the curtains at the windows were swinging, although there was no wind. Dan'l walked over to the bed and stripped off the covers. Kirt Patrick kept right on sleeping. But he had his slippers on.

Dan'l left him like that, and went out the window and along the balcony to Lamar's room. Lamar was asleep, too. He couldn't wake her. He got a wet washcloth from the bathroom and slapped it across her face, and at that she opened her eyes and sat up.

But she acted too dazed even to be mad. She said afterwards she hadn't been reating well, so she took a sleeping powder. You might make what you could out of it.

In the meantime Chief Cardigan went into Bannister's room, and found him snoring with his nipper eyeglasses perched neatly on his nose. Kessing was so dead to the world he had to be shaken. It was wonderful what good sleepers they all were.

But Meter had bathed and shaved and dressed; he said he was hurrying, because he'd seen the doctor on the lawn and was afraid something was the matter. And when Cardigan went into Persicha's room, there she was in her little blue suit, with her hat and gloves on and a packed bag at her feet.

Where you going?" he asked her. But she just looked at him, all eyes, he said, and didn't answer.

As soon as Dan'l finished at the house, he went out to the garage after the servants. The garage was built on the extreme rear corner of the lot, so that two of its walls were a continuation of the wall which enclosed the estate. The double doors for the cars thus opened outside the wall onto a private drive connecting with the main road. On the house side, a door opened directly at the foot of stairs which led to the servants' quarters.

Dan'l found this door locked. There was glass in the upper half, and peaking through, he could see that it was secured by a padlock. A piece of glass in the lower pane next the jamb was broken out, but the hole was small for Dan'l's hand, and even so soon he thought of fingerprints.

(Continued on Page 27)

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Many Ways of Using Fondant

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THERE are hundreds of different confections, but the basis of a large share of many sweets is what is called "fondant." This is readily known to the eater of the assorted bonbons, in whose mixtures most of the candy has soft centers of fondant. Whether it is covered with a rich rind or chocolate, grated or minced nutmeats, cocoanut, candied fruits or what have you, the soft fondant center is the base.

How is this fondant base prepared? The original method involves boiling of white granulated sugar by an elaborate technique. New methods, however, are much simplified, and it is of these that we would speak. This simpler and equally delicious base is called "uncooked fondant." It is made thus:

In a mixing bowl set over hot water, melt ½ cup butter. To it add ½ cup evaporated milk and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir in gradually 4 cups (1 pound) powdered sugar. Knead the mixture with the hands, either in the bowl or when removed to a board sprinkled lightly with powdered sugar, until creamy. In this form, utilize as follows:

Nut Patties: Shape fondant into small balls and flatten them by pressing half pecan or walnut on top.

Pineapple (or Ginger) Bon-Bons: Shape fondant into oblongs. Press bit of candied pineapple, ginger or cherry on top.

Stuffed Figs or Prunes: Steam dried figs or prunes over hot water until plump. Cool. Cut pocket and fill with fondant. Roll in granulated sugar. Do the same with large table dates.

Chocolate Drops: Mold fondant into small balls. Dip in melted sweet dipping chocolate. Put on waxed paper to harden.

Cream Filberts: Mold fondant around blanched almonds, shape into balls and roll in granulated sugar or cocoanut.

Another variation of fondant is that which makes a "cream mixture" confection. This requires cooking of the sugar and milk, and attendant beating, until the mixture is a soft velvety "cream." By adding chopped nuts, raisins, cocoanut and similar materials, a wide assortment of creamed candies is possible. This is the exact recipe:

Cream Candy Squares: In saucepan, mix 3 cups sugar, 1 cup white corn syrup and 1 cup evaporated milk. Cook to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, to 236 degrees, or the soft ball stage. Cool, without stirring, at room temperature until lukewarm. Add 1 cup chopped walnuts and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until candy holds its shape. Turn into a 9x9-inch buttered pan, and cut into squares when cool. Makes about 48 squares.

Another variation of this beaten cream mixture is this:

Calabria Creams: In saucepan, mix 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup orange marmalade, 1 cup evaporated milk. Boil slowly, until sugar dissolves. Continue cooking to 236 degrees, or the soft ball stage. Cool, without stirring, at room temperature. Add ½ cup broken pecans. Beat until candy holds its shape. Drop quickly by teaspoons onto waxed paper. Makes about 30 creams.

An entirely different, but very popular type of candy is the "roll," such as pecan roll, date roll, or similar confection. This mixture is shaped into a long roll, allowed to chill and harden, and then cut into cross-sections. Here is a simple recipe.

Pecan Roll: In saucepan, mix together 1 cup light brown sugar, 2 cups granulated sugar, ½ cup white corn syrup and 1 cup evaporated milk. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until the soft ball stage. Cool, without stirring, at room temperature. Beat, until candy holds its shape. Turn on board dusted with ½ cup powdered sugar and knead until firm. Shape into long roll. Cover outside with 1½ cups broken pecans. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill and harden. Slice ½ inch thick with sharp knife. Makes about 30 slices.

Still another type of candy, and one particularly enjoyed by youngsters, is the taffy confections. Brittle, chewy and most generally made of simple natural materials, the taffies are well worth making, and are popular at "young folks" parties. Molasses taffy, for example, or taffy apples, are inexpensive, nutritious and splendid for home or bazaar use.

Here is a good recipe for taffy apples: In saucepan, boil together 1 cup sugar, 2 cups white corn syrup, ½ teaspoon salt to 245 degrees. Add gradually (so mixture does not stop boiling) ½ cup evaporated milk and ½ cup water with ½ teaspoon baking soda. Cook rapidly to 242 degrees, stirring constantly (it scorches, so watch carefully!) Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cool, without stirring, at room temperature. Have small red polished apples arranged on skewers. Dip each into mixture, coat fully, and set on buttered tin to harden. Note: if syrup hardens while dipping, hold over hot water. Makes enough for 12 apples.

Rum and Butter Toffee: In saucepan, mix together ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, ½ cup corn syrup, 4 tablespoons butter, ½ cup evaporated milk and ½ teaspoon salt. Boil slowly, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally to 250 degrees, or the hard ball stage. Add 1 or more teaspoons rum flavoring. Pour into buttered 8-inch-square pan. Mark into squares with knife edge and reverse and break or crack when cool.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Apples Baked in Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toasted Left-Over Muffins, Coffee.	Grapes, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toasted Raisin Bread, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Cream Toast, Broiled Bacon, Coffee.	Stewed Dried Fruit, Cereal, Bread-Crumb Pancakes, Syrup, Milk or Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	Substitute	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Lentil Soup, Macaroni and Cheese Scallop, Tomato Salad, Salad Dressing, Corn Muffins, Stewed Fruit.	*Luncheon* Salmon Surprise, Buttered Broccoli, Frosted Bran Muffins, Raspberry Rennet Custard, Tea.	Oyster Stew with Crackers, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Stuffed Dates, Coffee.	Tomato Cocktail, Cheese Rarebit, Mixed Green Salad, Russian Dressing, Apple Turnovers, Tea.	Herring Roe with Spaghetti or Noodles, Golden Cornbread, Fruit Salad, Squash Tarts, Tea.	(*For Young People*) Cranberry Juice Cocktail, Crown Roast of Wieners, Browned White Potatoes, Grated Raw Turnip, Tomato and Cabbage Salad, Steamed Apples, Coffee.	*Luncheon* Hors d'Oeuvres, Baked Stuffed Chicken, Giblet Gravy, Steamed Rice, Brussels Sprouts, Apple and Green Tomato Relish, Vanilla Ice Cream, Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner	Sauerkraut Juice.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Beef and Pork Loaf with Steamed Apples, Carrots and Green Peas, Favorite Salad, Rice and Raisin Pudding.	Left-Over Meat Croquettes, Creamed Peas, Cauliflower with Beets, Chinese Cabbage Salad, French Dressing, Spice Cup Cakes with Chocolate Mocha Frosting.	Emergency Soup (Left-Overs) Broiled Fish with Lemon Butter, Steamed Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Bread Sugar Pie	Cream of Corn Soup with Popcorn, Beef Pie with Baking-Powder Biscuit Crust, Chicory and Radish Salad, Fresh Lemon Gelatin with Thin Cream Cookies.	Orange and Tangerine Cocktail, Baked or Steamed Fillets of Fish, Potato Border, Shredded Carrots and String Beans, Raw Vegetable Salad, Piquant Dressing, Pineapple Surprise.	Tomato Salad, Salad Dressing, Fruit Taffy Cookies.	Baking-Powder Biscuits, Caramel Cup Custards.

I Don't Take Mental Cases

by Ruth Burr Sanborn

(Continued from Page 26)

He wrenched out the staple. It came in handy to be strong. In the room above, with the shades drawn down as tight as Homer Hull's own had been, William Shakespeare blew and his wife, Crystal, were sleeping. And if they weren't asleep, Dan said afterwards, he'd eat his khaki pants.

Dan waited while the two darkies scrambled into some clothes. They wouldn't stay up to no wifie folkses, they stated, in they shirt-tails. He herded them into the library before him. They stood uneasily in a corner, looking all eyeball.

"Quite a party," Kessing said. "So democratic."

When he had them all together, Sheriff Gaskett made a speech. Gaskett was an able man, I guess, but no beauty. He looked like one of these figures they sell in the gift-shops whittled out of native wood small and dark and tough, with plenty of features but no expression. His voice was like his face.

"Mr. Hull is dead," he said. "He has been murdered. It is probable that someone in this room murdered him."

The bright morning tore wide open to the wail of Crystal's death cry, and Gaskett added: "Shut your face," as if it were a part of his speech.

Kessing murmured: "Pithy, what I mean. Right to the point every time."

I was watching Lamar. She pressed her palms against her breast and said a thing so perfect that it must either have been spontaneous or very carefully prepared:

"It was true all the time, and I didn't believe him." And she began to cry.

Persicha didn't say a word. She just crumpled forward like an empty sack, and slid quietly to the floor.

Dr. Reddencote laid Persicha on the sofa, and I fixed some aromatic and in a minute or two she opened her eyes. They had that unfocused look which precedes full consciousness. She said, before she could have known what she was saying, a funny thing:

"He didn't come."

Ausable Jones did not speak; he sat fitting his fingers judicially together. Mater flung me an unhappy glance, as if entreating me not to blame Persicha.

Kirt Patrick said intelligently: "What makes you think he was murdered?"

And Bannister said, in his fussy voice: "Most awkward, really. I hope you will attach no importance to the fact that yesterday Mr. Hull made a will in favor of—ah—Sill College."

"No importance whatever," said Ausable Jones blandly, "because he didn't sign it."

"He didn't sign it?" cried Bannister shrilly. And his parchment face was suddenly blurred past all making out, as if the writing on it had been half erased and left all smeared and torn.

"For that matter," said Ausable Jones composedly, "I doubt if any of those recent wills would have stood at law. It should be easy to prove Mr. Hull incompetent. I have not gone into it, of course. But my judgment would be that Mrs. Hull and Miss Persicha will inherit."

"That's the talk," said Kessing cheerfully. "How about it, Persicha?" He pulled a chair up beside the sofa and took her hand. But after a minute Persicha drew it away.

And I remarked: "Of course, Mr. Hull did say that if he was murdered last night, it would be Mr. Bannister that would do it."

To Be Continued Next Sunday

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American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3549 TWO APRON FLATTERERS THAT ARE EASY TO MAKE. STYLE B TAKES TO RUFFLES. STYLE A REMAINS DEMURELY SIMPLE. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch fabric for each apron; apron B, 1½ yards ruffling.

Pattern 3785 SEW A FEW SIMPLE SEAMS THE FRONT PANEL PLEATS AND BUTTON-TRIMMED YOKE OF THIS DRESS WILL LEAD STRAIGHT TO SLENDERNESS. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3738 A YOUTHFUL, ALL-YEAR-ROUNDER IN PRINTS OR SOLID COLORS. DON'T MISS THE ACTION PLEAT IN THE BACK OF THIS DRESS. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3786 THE JUMPER'S THE THING TO WEAR TODAY. A FRESH, EASY-TO-LAUNDER BLOUSE COMPLETES THE PICTURE. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, jumper, requires 1¼ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, 1¼ yards 36-inch fabric and 1¼ yards ric-rac braid.

Pattern 3784 A SLIM, EFFICIENT-LOOKING HOUSE DRESS THAT WEARS AROUND FOR SPEED IN DRESSING. RIC-RAC TRIMMING FOR UNUSUAL EFFECT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric and 1¼ yards ric-rac braid.

Pattern 3734 FILET CROCHET DOILIES. DAINTY TO LOOK AT AND LAST A LIFE-TIME. FUN TO DO IN STRING OR FINER COTTON. Pattern 3734 contains detailed directions and charts for making an oval doily 12x16 inches and round ones 8 inches in diameter when done in string; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

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Christmas Cake Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Currant Cup Cakes.

CREAM ¼ cup butter, add 1¼ cups sifted granulated sugar and beat until smooth. Beat in 4 egg yolks. Mix and sift 2¼ cups sifted pastry flour, ¾ teaspoon mace, ½ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking-powder. Add alternately with ¾ cup milk to the butter mixture. Add ¾ cup currants. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered and floured muffin pans. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, until firm and delicately browned. These cakes will keep nicely two or three weeks.

Chocolate Christmas Cakes.

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sifted granulated sugar and beat until smooth. Beat in 3 egg yolks. Mix and sift 1¼ cups sifted flour, ¼ cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon clove, 2 teaspoons baking-powder and a few grains salt. Add alternately with ½ cup water to the butter mixture. Add 1 cup currants, 1 cup shaved citron, 1 cup raisins and ½ cup broken nutmeats. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into small buttered and floured muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees. Cover with boiled frosting and decorate with small red or silver candies and thin slices of citron or angelica.

Lemon Fruit Filling.

MIX 2 tablespoons flour with ¼ cup cold water. Add ½ cup boiling water and ½ cup sugar and blend well. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Add the juice of 1 lemon, ½ cup chopped nuts and ½ cup raisins. Cool before spreading.

Lemon Cup Cakes.

CREAM ¼ cup butter, add 1 cup sifted granulated sugar and beat until smooth. Beat in 4 beaten egg yolks. Add the grated rind of 1 lemon and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Add 1¼ cups sifted flour, sifted again with ¼ teaspoon soda. Fold in 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in small buttered and floured muffin pans in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees.

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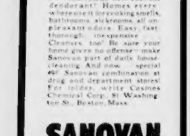
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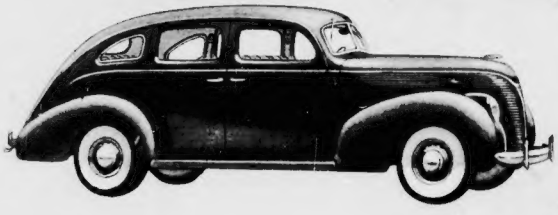
Why did Ford build TWO new cars for 1938?

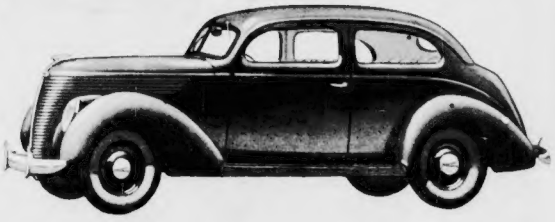
THE DE LUXE

85 HORSEPOWER



THE STANDARD

60 OR 85 HORSEPOWER



It's a natural question. And there's a logical answer—to meet a definite, growing demand for just such a car as the new De Luxe Ford V-8 for 1938.

The De Luxe was designed for those who like the basic Ford features but want a little more size and style. It brings both size and style at low Ford prices.

THE DE LUXE—THE STANDARD

The De Luxe is an addition to the Ford line. It looks big and is. It is spacious, with richer appointments. Sedans have a larger luggage space. And under the hood is the 85-horsepower V-8 engine.

The new Standard Ford is in many ways a better car than the 1937 Ford V-8—which was bought by more people than any other 1937 make of car. It is newly styled, inside and out. It is even lower priced than the De Luxe, but built on the same dependable 112-inch wheelbase chassis—to the same high standard of mechanical excellence. And it offers again a choice of 85-horsepower or 60-horsepower V-8 engines.

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With two designs, two engines, and two price ranges, it's easier than ever, this year, to pick a Ford car that closely fits your personal preferences. Whichever one you choose, whatever price you pay, you'll get the service and value for which the Ford name stands. . . . There's a Ford dealer near you.

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STANDARD FORD V-8 . . . 112-inch wheelbase . . . 85 or 60 horsepower engine . . . Improved Easy-Action Safety Brakes . . . Center-Poise Ride . . . All-steel body . . . Broadcloth or Mohair upholstery. Mohair extra in "60". . . Mahogany-finished trim . . . One tail light, sun visor, windshield wiper . . . Twin horns . . . Cigar lighter . . . Foot control for headlight beams, with indicator on instrument panel . . . 3 body types . . . 3 colors.